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**THE**  
**DARK DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.**



THE DARK DAYS  
OF  
QUEEN MARY.

BY  
EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE AGE AND ITS ARCHITECTS," "SELF EDUCATION,"  
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THE

# DARK DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE TUDOR FAMILY.

It is not possible accurately to understand the reign of Mary, the character of the times, or the reign and times of her illustrious half-sister, Elizabeth, unless we review rapidly, at least, the position to which the predecessors of their family had attained on the English throne, and the character of their government. The influence of particular families upon nations in the creation, and reformation of manners, and in the imposition of certain laws, is one of the most remarkable circumstances of Historic Philosophy,—one, however, that has not received nearly the attention it deserves, although the Medecis of Italy, the Capets of France, and the

Tudors of England, in a very remarkable manner illustrate that influence. To those who attach importance to the purity of royal blood, the Tudors must indeed seem a sadly tainted stream, singularly enough confronting all the notions of legitimacy. Cromwell, the Farmer of Huntingdon, and afterward the Lord Protector of England, was collaterally descended from the fountain stream of royalty, the Stuarts of Scotland, but the Tudors, the most powerful family ever attempting to wield royal power, and indeed fairly doing so in England, were all descended from the son of a Welch Brewer, Owen Tudor. When Henry V. died, Catharine of France, his widow, married this man, of whom, indeed, we hear nothing but that he was regarded as the most handsome and most delicate man of his time. By Catharine he had three sons, two of whom were elevated to the English Peerage under the titles of the Earls of Richmond and Pembroke; the first of these eventually became the monarch of England, and the founder of the most powerful dynasty of princes ever bearing the English sceptre. From thence the nation dates its most magnificent and epic performances—its first great achievements in Commerce, in Arts, and in the de-

velopement of popular government. Singular this seems ; the child of Henry V., the mighty Conqueror of Agincourt, before whom France veiled her prowess and glory upon St. Crispin's Day, lived through all his days a mere puppet, rather than a prince ; the creature of an ambitious statesman and a termagant wife, while the child of an unknown Welchman, related to royalty only by an accident, took the helm of government, and guided the vessel of State through its dangerous shoals and seas to the haven of Independence—of Prosperity—and Internal Repose.

Henry VII., crowned on Bosworth Field after the battle in which Richard was defeated, ascended the throne when it was rocked and tossed to and fro by gales from all points of the political compass. It was no seat of roses ; but Henry was no effeminate and feeble-minded man—avaricious, jealous, cautious in the extreme ; yet these were some of the elements of character most needed for his position. He was powerful, but he was peaceful : rent by the wars of the Roses, the nation, through all its heart, panted for repose. Henry introduced a new reign of influences : the stormy baron, the race of true feudal princes, the men who

were always helmed, girt, and ready for battle, who were for ever fomenting some cause of discord between themselves and their sovereign ; these men, under this reign, passed almost from notice : when the battle smoke cleared up after the fields of Towton, Tewkesbury, Barnet, it was found that all the nobles lay stretched upon the fields : only twenty-seven were found left to form the peerage of the realm. At this time we find the origin of what may be called *courtly* feudalism—that supple, silken, smirking thing, wonderfully different to the grim and corseleted terror that had so many ages held not only the people but the kings in awe and check by its power. It will be seen that the fall of the barons, as a class, would materially strengthen royalty, while the creation of a race of new men so much more suited to the advancing civilization of the land, would be a mighty testimonial to the monarch's sagacity and strength. The constant effort of Henry VII. was to curtail the power of the nobles, and he filled his own coffers and the coffers of his exchequer while he emptied theirs. The retainers of noblemen had been very numerous ; they were accustomed to wear badges and insignia, by which it was known

whom they professed to serve. This was the source of everlasting and fierce disorder breaking forth, sometimes like a flame, even upon the very slightest intimation. The king resolutely put this down, though it required the exercise of considerable rigour and severity to do so. On one occasion he was entertained by his favourite general, the Earl of Oxford, at his castle at Hensingham, and being desirous of making a parade of his magnificence before the king's departure, he ordered all his retainers to be drawn up in two lines, that their appearance might be more gallant and splendid.

"My lord," said the King, "I have heard much of your hospitality, but the truth far exceeds report. These handsome gentlemen and servants whom I see on both sides of me are, no doubt, your menial servants?"

The Earl smiled, and confessed that his fortune was far too narrow for such magnificence. "They are most of them," said he, "my retainers who are come to do me the service at this time, when they know I am honoured with your Majesty's presence."

The King started a little, and said, "By my faith, my lord, I thank you for your good cheer, but I must not allow my laws to be broken in



my sight." Oxford is said to have paid no less than 15,000 marks for this offence.

A very visible advance in society was made during the reign of this King. There were unquestionably great accessions in justice, and in order, to the nation, although the monarch himself acted upon principles purely selfish. He had sense and foresight enough to see that the preservation of the interests of his people, and a due regard to their wealth and prosperity, would be the surest means of preserving his own interests when he died. He left behind him in his coffers the sum of £1,800,000, equivalent to £16,000,000 of our present money—an incredible sum to be amassed in those days.

The nation continued to advance during the reign of Henry VIII. A vile man certainly, but yet not wanting in many of the elements of a great and worthy, as well as mighty prince. It is true "That he never spared a man in his anger, nor a woman in his lust," yet, to his reign we trace the birth of very many of the most important events of our history. Again, as we noticed in the preceding reign, we find the will of the monarch supreme. Under the sway of the haughty Tudor, the King's proclamation was declared to be equal to, and

therefore able, to set aside the laws. When the northern rebellion broke out, he told the rebels that they ought no more to think of giving an opinion in reference to government, than a blind man should do of colours. And he goes on to say, "We, with our whole council, think it right strange *that ye who be but brutes and ineapert folk*, do take upon you to point us who be meet or not for our council." Yet, notwithstanding this very unpromising speech, it is to this arbitrary and most oriental of English reigns, that we revert when we trace the abolition of domestic slavery in England. The King granted a manumission to two of his slaves and their families; for which he assigned this equitable reason, "That God had at first created all men equally free by nature, but that many had been reduced to slavery by the laws of men. We believe it, therefore, to be a pious act and meritorious in the sight of God, to set certain of our slaves at liberty from their bondage." This from Henry VIII.,—one is disposed to ask what, who, could possibly have inspired this act of especial grace, and indited these words so full of the genius at once of Christianity and Humanity? Thus made fashion-

able by royal authority, these sentiments prevailed, and slavery declined in England without any express or positive law. It is this reign of Henry VIII., and the personal character of this King, which it seems most necessary to understand, if we would read aright the character of the succeeding reigns. The people of those ages were mostly serfs, burghers, and citizens, and they were beginning to take the place of nobles in the influence they exercised ; but the position of the relative sections of the community and commonwealth illustrate the immense power of the King. Of the House of Peers, there were but thirty-six members. The House of Commons was most obedient to the royal will. The people were in poverty—slaves and serfs bound down by cruel and vehement oppression. The trades of the rogue, the vagabond, and the thief, seem to have been plentifully supplied, if we may judge by the fact, that no fewer than seventy-two thousand thieves were hung up during this reign along our highways. Who these were does not, of course, transpire ; innocence would often suffer : and beside this, many of these, doubtless, were monks and friars expatriated from their monasteries by the cruel, because illegal,

unjust, and generally unexpected expulsion from their homes. In many instances they had degenerated to impurity; the monastery was frequently a brothel, the nunnery a mere temple of lewdness: but even when all this is admitted, we can pity the victims (if sinners) of so remorseless a despotism, and can further make large allowances for exaggerations from the necessity of colouring the transaction, with the appearance of desert; and, undoubtedly, if the monk and friar, driven out to the shelterless wilderness without a refuge, was compelled to steal to prevent starvation, and expiated his offence upon the gallows, the causes of this vagabondage should not pass without some condemnation and execration from history. It was the age of fierce Theological Discussion. The Theology of preceding times had been found to affect materially the commercial activity and rising spirit of the country; the ritual of Romanism imposing the authority of the Pope, and calling for implicit obedience to all the formularies of the Church, was found to agree very ill with the desire to trade and traffic with all the peoples of Europe, and to disregard in commercial treaty and contract, the friendship, or the

enmity of nations with the pope. Henry VIII, one of the genuine Tudor stock, perceived this, although, it must be admitted, that his hostility to the papacy was wonderfully provoked by its opposition to his desire for a divorce with his excellent wife, Catharine of Arragon. When, moreover, it is remembered, that the power of Rome had been, and still continued to be, in all truly Catholic countries, immense; when the nature of that authority over the life and conscience is remembered; when its peculiar terrors, and the secret influence it can wield, are borne in mind, it will immediately be seen, that if there had not been lying latent in the mind a determination in favour of Protestantism, all the intolerance, and cruelty, and wild passion of the King would have been in vain. But thus we will not say it happened, thus in the orderings and willings of Providence, it came about that the great discussion, more important to the weal and progress of Europe than any other, took place. Luther, the poor miner's son of Germany, was honoured at first by having Henry for a disputant and antagonist, and subsequently to that fame; Henry, partly aided by whim and passion, and partly, no doubt, impelled by the strong spirit of his age, became

among princes the apostle of the Reformation, and the battering ram of the Romish Church. It was a difficult thing, however, to live peaceably in those days; the only successful faith—the only safe one—was Tudorism; but then, unfortunately, it was difficult to tell what the King did believe, and what he did not; what he would hold to be heretical, and what he would not. The revenge of religious animosity was most recklessly visited by this savage and passionate man, on all who dared, in however trifling a degree, to thwart his will. Peter Hunne, a respectable citizen, who had been buried ten days, was tried for heresy at a spiritual court, held at St. Paul's, on account of the preface to Wickliff's Bible having been found in his house. Proclamation was made, that if any one chose to answer for the accused, he should appear immediately. No counsel chose to plead the cause of such a client, before such a court. Hunne was pronounced a heretic, his body was taken up, Dec. 20th., and burnt in Smithfield. To show an extraordinary zeal against the doctrines of Luther, Henry caused six men, and one woman, to be burnt at Coventry for teaching their children the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed in the

English language. Soon after this, the Bibles were set up by royal command in the churches in the vulgar tongue, and all people were commanded to read them. Never had England experienced so contradictory a reign ; nothing was settled, all depended, Religion and Politics, upon the personal will of the monarch, and that monarch the most capricious that ever bore a sceptre.

Certainly it was a barbarous age, and the people were accustomed to barbarous Exhibitions. While the Princess Mary was yet very young, she beheld many of her most attached friends torn from her to most cruel deaths. Her old schoolmaster, Dr. Fetherstone, suffered the horrid death of treason, in company with Abel, her mother's chaplain ; they were dragged to Smithfield on the same hurdle with the pious Protestant, Dr. Barnes, and two of his fellow-sufferers, to the flaming pile. Still more horrid was the fate of Mary's relative, the aged Countess of Salisbury ; she was very venerable, yet was she kept in the cold chambers of the Tower ; her property was confiscated, and she had not the means of purchasing even a warm garment to shelter her almost bloodless limbs. But when she was brought

forth to the scaffold she was not so much beheaded, as hacked to pieces : all these persons were of most unblemished lives, but their fidelity to the cause of Catharine of Arragon, and their disapproval of Henry VIII's spiritual supremacy, exasperated and enraged him, and led to their destruction. The will of the King was fearfully absolute ; all were pronounced heretics who did not subscribe to the King's construction of the articles of religion : he lifted his mace to beat down all law, to declare himself a very God upon earth ; he swept aside daringly and carelessly all who not merely opposed his will, but those who did not immediately declare his infallibility ; the Pope was indeed superseded. But a still more horrid thing appeared in the room of the Papacy—a crowned, a lecherous, heartless monster ; a Constrictor—with appetites like those of an untamed beast, and cruel, and selfish, terrible whenever these were contravened. •

Never did any monarch exhibit so greedy a thirst for blood as Harry : in his latter years this appetite increased, and became really most terrible. His instructions to the Earl of Hertford, when the latter invaded Scotland, to assert the English monarch's sovereignty there,



almost exceed belief. The code of blood by which pirates on the high seas regulate their sanguinary deeds never breathe such wholesale cruelty. "Sack Holyrood house, and as many towns and villages about Edinburgh as ye conveniently can ; sack Leith, and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, *putting man, woman and child to fire and sword*, without exception, when any resistance shall be made against you ; and this done, pass over to the Fife land, and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto ye may reach conveniently ; not forgetting amongst all the rest so to spoil and turn upside down the Cardinal's town of St. Andrews, *as the upper stone may be the nether*, and not one stick stand by another ; sparing no creature alive within the same, especially such as in friendship or blood be allied to the Cardinal ; and so this journey shall succeed to his Majesty's honour !" And so in accordance with these honourable directions, Broom House was burnt to the ground by the Earl of Hertford, and in it a noble lady and her whole family. Those were merry days ; nobles were beheaded, heretics were burned, till the fall of the axe and the gleam of the faggot became the daily entertainments

of the good citizens of England. Henry had, like an Oriental despot, the luxury of beheading some of his wives ; it is mysterious that he had not the still greater luxury of burning his last. Katharine Parr had a narrow escape from Smithfield ; but the spectacle of a woman burning, a young, lovely, heroic creature, was a treat not to be lightly forfeited, and Anne Askew suffered instead. The monster had grown so unwieldy and fat that he could only be removed from room to room by machinery, but still the rage for blood continued ; the Earl of Surrey was attainted and beheaded without being heard ; and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, was intended for the same fate, but escaped, as the King died the very night which was to have been his last. Thus we have some conception of the nature of these times ; the monarch idealises to us the nation. When such things were in the court, and on the throne, we are not surprised that in this reign Richard Rouse was, for murder, by special act of parliament, declared to be guilty of treason, and *sentenced to be boiled to death* ; this punishment was really carried into effect on the great platform of the horrors of the age—Smithfield.

Henry reigned thirty-eight years. Surely the

nation must have leaped with one spasmodic burst of joy, when the unwieldy moral corpse was lifted from its aching heart, yet, did he too serve a purpose, he impersonated the vices of absoluteism, for all the horrors of despotic government were concentrated and accumulated in this reign. Perhaps our slow and sluggish Saxon nature needed such a picture, for unless the vice of governors is intensely selfish, and almost unnaturally wicked, it has not been the nature of the Saxon man to interfere much with the machinery of government; but a monarch like Henry is a pestilence to the land, destroying every life-spring of healthy action; in his instance, indeed, the diseased self-will which cursed his people in their domestic relations, was not, without its happier influence upon the continent; it was a bold step to shake off the power and authority of the Pope, and to defy Charles V. in the fulness and haughtiness of his power. When Henry died, although the court was full of cabals and contentions, the nation did not decline; still the resources of the kingdom were developing themselves; still the people were becoming stronger and stronger. Bibles were set up in churches, and the Word of Life formed the topic of conversation by many

a fireside corner. The people were in the transition state, when they were beginning to form for themselves ideas in reference to religion, to trade, to politics. If we revert simply to the government of the land, we may indeed be sorely disappointed and disgusted; but, if we enter into the spirit of the times, and look at its manifestations, we shall find this to be a section of the most important era of our nation's History. Thus with these preliminary facts and hints we introduce the Dark Days of Queen Mary to our readers.

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## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY DAYS AND ADVERSITIES.

MARY TUDOR was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; who was the widow of Arthur, the brother of the King, and the aunt of the mighty Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, Charles V. Thus the descent of Mary was most illustrious. She was the only child of her parents; for the two

heirs male to the crown, who had preceded her, both died early. When she was born, it is probable that the King's affection for his consort had not been entirely obliterated ; and he, too, in the heyday of his manhood, had not, as yet, degenerated to that debauched and terrible monster which has been painted to the reader in the preceding pages. Certainly, the infant Mary seems to have been treated with more especial tokens of regard than were ever manifested to her younger sister Elizabeth. Although she did not receive the sustenance of infancy from her mother : yet, did she drink life from the blood royal of England. She was committed to the care of Margaret Plantagenet, the Countess of Salisbury ; and Katherine, the wife of Leonard Pole, was Mary's wet nurse. It is difficult to conceive Henry VIII. acting the part of father : but there are records of his dandling his infant daughter on his knee, and indulging in all those fond acts of affection which, by their tenderness, ennoble the man and lend a pleasant dignity to the monarch. Chronicles are not wanting by which we are made acquainted with the most private life of the little princess ; of the magnificence of her baptismal service, and the presents made to her ;

of her very early musical attainments. More remarkable, and to our modern notions strange indeed, was the solemn matrimonial treaty by which Mary, a child of only six years of age, was betrothed to Charles, the Emperor of Germany. The marriage was to be solemnized when she was in her twelfth year; the Emperor would then be in his twenty-ninth. It seems that the visit which he paid to Greenwich in the summer of 1522, had a principal reference to this betrothment; it was the darling wish of Queen Katharine's heart. He spent five weeks in England, and young as she was during this time, Mary had been taught to regard herself as his Empress. His visit had cost to the princess's establishment, the expenditure of no less a sum than £1139:6:1½. The Emperor was desirous that she should be sent to Spain to be educated as his wife: this request was not acceded to. But her education appears now to have commenced in good earnest, and the education if not in Spain, was yet Spanish; for Queen Katharine requested Ludovicus Vives, a Spaniard of deep learning, to draw up a code of instructions by which she was to be governed. And the outline which he gave, written first in Latin, and dedicated to the

Queen, and afterwards revised by himself upon his visit to Oxford, was dictated in true Spanish severity. Every book at all likely to be attractive to a young mind, was excluded from her sight; no novel or tale, the whole of the day was to be devoted to Latin and Greek; to the study of the fathers Cyprian, Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome:—Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch. Cards, dice, and splendid dresses, were regarded as pestiferous as romances; in all particulars she was brought up as a lady of Spain, whose queen she was expected to be: she even wore the Spanish dress, and the little creature began to feel an interest in her foreign lover: pretty messages were sent to him and an emerald ring; yet, was all in vain. Her father and her betrothed husband were both plotting against her peace. The one was looking about for pretexts and apologies for divorcing himself from his wife; and the other, smitten by the charms of the beautiful Isabel of Portugal, proceeded beyond betrothment to girlhood, and became a husband in reality. Mary was treated as the Princess of Wales, and Ludlow Castle, the hereditary palace at this time of the princes of that country, was fitted for her

reception. At this time she was surrounded with magnificence and pomp; the appanage of a separate legislature, and a near approach to royal dignity. It was thus that Henry attempted to rebut the accusation of Charles, that in seeking a divorce with Katharine, he would make Mary illegitimate. The probability has been intimated that by giving to Mary, the *prestige* of extraordinary dignity, he might hurry on a match for her with some eminent continental sovereign, and disinherit her after the pronouncing the divorce. Certainly nothing could be more cruel and unworthy of a father than to teach his daughter to assume the manners of a royal station for a brief period only, that she might be plucked down and degraded almost as soon as she had reached the eminence. Previous to the princess's departure for Ludlow, the Countess of Salisbury, who went with her, received from Katharine some instructions which display so much good sense, and develope so truly the character of a mother in advance of her times, that we shall cite them here :—

“First, above all other things, the Countess of Salisbury, being lady governess, shall accord-



ing to the singular confidence that the King's highness hath in her, give most tender regard to all that concerns the person of the said princess, her honourable education and training in virtuous demeanour : that is to say, serve God from whom all grace and goodnes proceedeth. Likewise, at seasons convenient, to use moderate exercise, taking open air in gardens, sweet and wholesome places, and walks, (which may conduce unto her health, solace, and comfort,) as by the said lady governess may be thought most convenient. And, likewise, to pass her time most seasons at her virginals, or other musical instruments, so that the same be not too much, and without *fatagacion* or weariness, to attend to her learning of Latin tongue and French. At other seasons to dance, and among the rest to have good respect unto her diet, which is *meet* (proper) to be pure, well prepared, dressed and served with comfortable, joyous, and merry communication, in all honourable and virtuous manner, Likewise the cleanliness and well wearing of her garments and apparel, both of her chamber and person, so that everything about her be pure, sweet, clean, and wholesome, as to so great a princess doth appertain ;

all corruptions, evil airs, and things noisome and unpleasant, to be eschewed."

Few letters are more honourable to the queenly rank than this interesting document. Mary resided in this feudal palace, where the chieftains of other days had held their revelry and their riot. About eighteen months during this time, her education proceeded steadily, though quietly. She appears to have been a most accomplished Latin scholar, and her translation of the prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, published by Sir Frederick Madden, in "The Privy Purse expences of Mary," is a most beautiful and appropriate composition. The splendour of the princess was of brief continuance; her mother was divorced from the king, and both mother and daughter passed through a series of bitter trials and persecutions. Mary's name is so identified with the sufferings and martyrdoms of the Protestants, that we have not noticed the afflictions of her own early days. From her earliest memories she was tossed about at the whim or caprice of her father and his statesmen. It seems probable that her young affections for Reginald Pole, her noble-minded kinsman, were crushed; the application of James V., of Scotland, for her hand, was per-

emptorily refused; the negociation to marry her to the Dauphin of France, failed; but all these and other denials were trivial compared with her separation from her mother by the command of the King; the agony of both parties seems to have been extreme. They met no more; death was fast hastening to the broken heart of Katharine, and life, like a long dreary disappointing waste, stretched before the eyes of Mary; still some correspondence took place between them, and Miss Stricklând introduces a letter, which appears to have been written in the anticipation of Mary's call to court to attend the lying in of Anne Boleyn, against whom, however, the bull of the Pope had just been fulminated. We will cite the letter of the noble-hearted Katharine:—

“ Daughter, I heard such tidings this day, that I do perceive the time is very near when Almighty God will provide for'you, and I am very glad of it; for I trust that he doth handle you with a good love. I beseech you agree to his pleasure with a merry heart, and be you sure that, without fail, he will not suffer you to perish if you beware not to offend him. I pray God that you, good daughter, offer yourself to

him. If any pangs come over you, shrive yourself, first make you clean, take heed of his commandments, and keep them as near as he will give you grace to do : for these are you sure armed ?

And if *this lady* do come to you, as it is spoken ; if she do bring you a letter from the King, I am sure in the self same letter you will be commanded to do. Answer with very few words, obeying the King, your father, in everything, save only that you will not offend God and lose your own soul, and go no further with learning and disputation in the matter ; and wheresoever and in whatsoever company you shall come, obey the King's commandments. Speak few words, and meddle with nothing.

“ I will send you two books in Latin ; one shall be *De Vita Christi*, with the declarations of the Gospels ; and the other the Epistles of St Jerome, that he did write to Paula and Eustochium, and in them I trust you will see good things.

“ Sometimes, for your recreation, use your virginals or lute, if you have any ; but one thing especially I desire you, for the love you owe to God and unto me, to keep your heart with a chaste mind, and your person from all ill

and wanton company, not thinking or desiring of any husband for Christ's passion; neither determine yourself to any manner of living until this troublesome time be past. For I do make you sure you shall see a very good end, and better than you can desire. I would to God, good daughter, that you did know with how good a heart I write this letter unto you, I never did one with a better; for I perceive very well that God loveth you. "I beseech Him, of his goodness, to continue it.

"I think it best that you shall keep your keys yourself, for whosoever it is, shall be done as shall please them.

"And now you shall begin, and by likelihood I shall follow. I set not a rush by it, for when they have done the utmost they can, then I am sure of amendment. I pray you recommend me unto my good lady of Salisbury, and pray her to have a good heart, for we never come to the kingdom of heaven but by troubles. Daughter, *wheresoever* you come, take no pain to send to me, for if I may, I will send to you."

"By your loving mother,

"KATHARINE THE QUEEN."

Mary does not, indeed, appear to have acted

with that caution her mother recommended ; but shortly after the birth of Elizabeth, she was called upon to lay aside all title to the name and dignity of princess ; this, as long as she possibly could, she stoutly refused to do ; but, of course, the unnatural father triumphed. Her coffers were seized, her writings and letters, and the use of pen and ink forbidden to her, for the space, apparently, of nearly two years. The treatment of her by Anne Boleyn diminishes the pity we would wish to feel for that unfortunate beauty ; and for some time it seemed uncertain whether both mother and daughter might not be sacrificed to the fury of the royal tiger. The language of Henry to Mary must have been savage and appalling indeed, for Fitzwilliam, the Lord Treasurer, said before the King, “ If she will not be obedient to his Grace, I would that her head was from her shoulders, that I might toss it here with my foot,” and so he put his foot forward, spurning the rushes. This speech was received with no indignation, but was taken rather as an appropriate compliment to the injured feelings of the savage. Here is a volume of instruction, in reference to the refinement of that King and court which could regale themselves with the spectacle of the

bleeding head of a young female rolling before her father's eyes, and kicked and spurned by her father's servants. Katharine was on her death-bed, she implored to see her daughter, if not to see her, yet that they might breathe the same atmosphere ; and she promises solemnly, if Mary may be near her, she will not attempt to see her if forbidden. Yet, what she most desires is the company of her daughter, "for a little comfort and mirth she would take with me, would undoubtedly be a half health unto her." Sick daughter : dying mother : no, they must not meet. Mary entreated that she might receive her mother's dying blessing : she was forbidden ; and so Katharine died. The Continent rung with indignation against the unnatural treatment of the King. The dead Queen was buried in Peterboro' Cathedral. Years afterward, Mary, in her will, requested that her mother might be disentombed, and interred in Westminster Abbey. The request was not complied with, the resting place of Queenly Sorrow is there still ; a mere stone, over which your feet would pass carelessly enough, contains a piece of brass not larger than your hand, you will with difficulty decipher "Katharine" upon it. The daughter of a line

of Kings, the wife of a powerful Monarch, the mother of a Queen, sleeps beneath that rude and simple slab of stone.

We must linger a short time upon the persecutions of the Lady Mary, she appears to have had some passing glimpses of kindness, during the brief period of the life of the Queen, Jane Seymour. Many of her letters to the King are preserved, and it must be said, that they reflect little credit upon the delicacy of the feelings of the princess ; from one who, because herself so eminently the cruel and relentless persecutor, it might be expected that some degree of consistency would be maintained during the years of her own oppression ; if not to the doctrines of her church, yet, to those ties of a more tender nature. We might have expected to behold a daughter faithful to a mother's memory. When the negotiations took place between her and Cromwell, in reference to her restoration to the royal favour, her sentiments were couched in the most servile and slavish language ; indeed, this language was expected by the royal despot from all who ventured, to address him. The test of evidence was applied to her, the principal articles of which were, *that she should acknowledge her mother's marriage to have been incest-*



*tuous and illegal*, her own birth illegitimate, and the King's supremacy over the Church to be absolute : these articles Mary at first refused to sign, and this brought from Cromwell the following cruel and insolent letter :

“MADAM,

“ I have received your letter, whereby it appeareth you to be in great discomfort, and do desire that I should find the means to speak with you. How great soever your discomfort is, it can be no greater than mine, who hath, upon the receipt of your letters, spoken so much of your repentance for your wilful obstinacy against the King's highness, and of your humble submission in all things, without exception or qualification, to obey his pleasure and laws ; and knowing how diversely (differently) and contrarily you proceeded at the late being of his Majesty's council to you, I am as much ashamed of what I have said, as afraid of what I have done, insomuch as what the sequel thereof shall be, God knoweth.

“ Thus, with your folly you undo yourself, and all who have wished you good ; and I will say unto you as I have said elsewhere, that it were a great pity ye be not made an example in

punishment, if ye will make yourself an example of contempt of God, your natural father, and his laws, by your own only fantasy, contrary to the judgments and determinations of all men, that you must confess to know and love God as much as you do, except ye will show yourself altogether presumptuous.

“Wherefore, madam, to be plain with you, as God is my witness, I think you the most obstinate and obdurate woman, all things considered, that ever was, and one that is so persevering deserveth the extremity of mischief.

“I dare not open my lips to name you, unless I may have some ground that it may appear you were mistaken, (meaning evidently misunderstood) or at least repentant for your ingratitude and miserable unkindness, and ready to do all things that ye be bound unto, by your duty and allegiance (if Nature were excluded from you), in degree with every other common subject.

“And, therefore, I have sent you a certain book of articles, whereto, if you will subscribe your name, you shall undoubtedly please God, the same being conformable to his truth, as you must conceive in your heart if you do not dissemble. Upon the receipt whereof again, from

you, with a letter, declaring that you think hereof what you have subscribed unto with your hand, I shall eftsoons venture to speak for your reconciliation.

“But, if you will not with speed leave off your sinister councils, which have brought you to the point of utter undoing, without remedy, I take my leave of you for ever ; and desire that you will never write or make means with me hereafter. For I shall never think otherwise of you than as the most ungrateful person to *your dear and benign father*.

“I advise you to nothing, but I beseech God never to help me, if I know it not to be your bounden duty, by God’s laws and man’s laws, that I must needs judge that person who shall refuse it not meet to live in a christian congregation; to the witness whereof I take Christ (whose mercy I refuse) if I write any thing but *what I have professed in my heart, and know to be true.*”

This is a precious Epistle truly, and far more degrading to the man who penned, than to the lady who received it ; it is her degradation that it answered its end, that she submitted to its haughty and overbearing dictations. Miss

Strickland, as is usual with her in any case of difficulty, becomes here also the warm apologist for Mary. Nor, all circumstances considered, should we be loath to receive her apologies, were they not made for a woman who demanded such rigid adherence to the principles she on this occasion renounced, from the flexibility of her own conscience, and the vascillancy of her own feelings, she seems to have expected all to be equally submissive. Miss Strickland talks a great deal about "her yearning desire to be enfolded in a parental embrace;" she tells us that "she loved her father fondly and tenderly. She was desirous of regaining her former interest in his heart." Even in that age a daughter could but regard Henry as a monster: the desire most probably was, to regain a probability of the succession to the throne; at any rate she was not made of the stuff to fashion a martyr. We write in no harsh vindictiveness of spirit towards Mary, but she has taught us to demand a different manifestation to that which we find in the following submission.

"The confession of me, the Lady Mary, made upon certain points and articles underwritten, in the which, as I do now plainly, and

with all my heart confess, and declare mine inward sentence, belief, and judgment, with a due conformity of obedience to the laws of the realm ; so minding for ever to persist and continue in this determination without change, alteration, or variance. I do most humbly beseech the King's highness, my father, whom I have obstinately and inobediently offended in the denial of the same heretofore, to forgive my offences therein, and to take me to his most gracious mercy. First, I confess and acknowledge the King's Majesty to be my Sovereign, Lord, and King, in the imperial crown of this realm of England ; and to submit myself to his Highness, and to all and singular laws and statutes of this realm, as becometh a true and faithful subject to do ; which I shall obey, keep, observe, advance, and maintain, according to my bounden duty, with all the power, force, and qualities that God hath endowed me during life."

• (Signed,)

"MARY."

"Item, I do recognise, accept, take, repute and knowledge the King's highness to be supreme head, under Christ, of the Church of England ; and do utterly refuse the Bishop of Rome's pretended authority, power, and juris-

diction within this realm heretofore usurped, according to the laws and statutes made in that behalf, and of all the King's true subjects humbly received, admitted, obeyed, kept and observed; and also do utterly renounce and forsake all manner of remedy, interest, and advantage which I may by any means claim by the Bishop of Rome's laws, process, jurisdiction, or sentence, at this present time, or in any wise hereafter, by any manner, colour, title, mean, or case that is, can, or shall be devised for that purpose.

(Signed,) "MARY."

"Item, I do freely, frankly, and for the discharge of my duty towards God, the King's highness and his laws, without other respect, recognise and acknowledge that *the marriage heretofore had between his Majesty and my mother, the late princess Dowager, was, by God's law and man's law, incestuous and unlawful.*

"(Signed, MARY."

And now having paid this price for her elevation, she was restored to dignity, and to a place of rank and station. Her royalty, she had, indeed, resigned; but she does not appear to have been restored to the favour of her father

until some months after : at length she was introduced again to his court, and gradually seems to have recovered her place in his favour. There is little that is interesting to the historian, in the trivial details preserved of the life of the Princess during these periods. Her private life is tolerably well known ; and we search in vain for any record of levity, or looseness of behaviour. Indeed, her temperament was utterly too cold for any sins of this description. It is said that her father laid a scheme to try her virtue, and certainly, if there be any truth in the report, she rose superior to the arts of temptation. Many negotiations of marriage also took place, but all were broken off before they proceeded to any length. Mary was reinstated in Royal rank, by Act of Parliament, passed Feb. 7th, 1544.

It is needless, for it would not be interesting, to follow Mary through the remaining years of her father's life, and to notice her intercourse with the successive queens who were elevated to his favour, or degraded to banishment from his throne, to the block. It may be noticed that Mary does not seem to have been a very stout and unbending Papist ; for, in conjunction with Queen Katharine Parr, she trans-

lated the Paraphrase of the Gospel of John, by Erasmus. She did not wholly escape, however, both suspicion, and some measure of persecuting annoyance, during the stormy regencies which ruled in her brother's brief monarchy.

Her private chapel was invaded ; her chaplains arrested ; and whatever Mary herself felt, she talked something of martyrdom. She was but seldom at court. We have, however, the record of a visit paid there by her once to the King, to talk over the matters of religious obedience ; and this woman, so regardless of the souls and consciences of others, when her brother reminded her that she had to obey as a subject, and not rule as a sovereign, replied that "her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change, nor dissemble her opinion with contrary words," and she offered to lay her head on the block in testimony of the same.

To this, which seems very much like vain braggery, the King replied with some kind and tender words. No one thought, at all, of cutting her head off but herself ; and we cannot but contrast the treatment received by Mary from her brother, to that which she exhibited to her sister Elizabeth. The reason why Mary was seldom at the court of her brother may be



very easily accounted for, from the foolish observances of the times, in which she lived.—The Tudor sovereigns were surrounded with the most fastidious manners. The Italian ambassador, Ubaldini says, “When one of the King’s sisters eats with him, she may not sit on a chair, but a mere bench, and so far distant from the head of the table and the King, that the canopy does not overhang her. The ceremonies observed before sitting down to table are truly laughable. I have seen, for example, the Princess Elizabeth drop on one knee five times before her brother ere she took her place.” The King was answered on the knee every time he addressed any one, even of the highest rank. This seems ludicrous enough. The haughty Plantagenets, majestic in their warlike royalty, required no such servility. It was reserved for the descendants of the Welch brewer to play such tricks as these

While Mary was residing at Hunsdon, she received a visit from Dr. Ridley, who was then Bishop of London; he went from his seat at Hadham, close by, to pay her a pastoral visit; he conversed with her about a quarter of an hour, and then accepted an invitation to dinner. She told him she remembered a sermon he preached

before the King, on the occasion of the marriage of Lady Anne Clinton to Sir Anthony Brown. After dinner, he told her he came to do his duty by her as her diocesan, and to preach before her next Sunday; she blushed when she answered, and bade him make that answer to himself; upon which he became more urgent, and she replied, "That the parish church would be open to him, if he had a mind to preach in it, but that neither she nor any of her household would be present."

He said, "He hoped she would not refuse to hear God's word;" she replied, "She did not know what they called God's word now, but she was sure it was not the same as in her father's time." "God's word," replied Ridley, "was the same at all times, but hath been better practised and understood in some ages than others." She answered, "He durst not have avowed his present faith in her father's life time," and enquired if he were of the Council; he replied he was not. When he retired, she said she thanked him for coming to see her, but not at all for his intention of preaching before her. Before he left Hunsdon Sir Thomas Wharton, steward of the household took him, according to the custom of the

times, to the buttery hatch, and presented him the usual stirrup-cup. After Ridley had taken it he said he had done amiss to drink under a roof where God's word was rejected ; for he ought to have shaken the dust off his feet, for a testimony against the house , and so he departed instantly.

These instances admit us into the life of the times. As to what the Bishop durst, or durst not do, Mary herself put him to the proof.—Henry could have done no more than she did when she ascended the throne ; and the faithful pastor, who came in the spirit of faithful kindness to talk with her, was by her handed over to the mercies of the stake. True enough it is that the lessons of toleration were not at all understood during those days ; it was almost a barbarous age. The life of Christ, in the New Testament, was but little understood ; every sect believed that the might made the right, and that a kind of sacred commission devolved upon it to burn or to decapitate, to place in pillory or in prison. The Church of Rome gave authority and currency to this idea, and many who left the forms and ordinances of that Church did not perceive the infernal character of the spirit of persecution. Rome has acquired

a mighty preeminence in the pages of Cruelty ; its shrines are the Molochs of Christendom.—Temples and vestments, chalice and altar, censer and priest, are alike stained, steeped in blood.

It is not merely a fallacy, it is a folly to compare any of the cruelties of Protestant Churches to the horrid Saturnalia of Rome.—Her priests have danced in masquerade in a real carnival of blood, and it is consistent enough with its doctrines, that it should be so. Absolutism is persecution when it is the absolutism of man ; and all systems lean on persecution, or verge towards it, in proportion as they lay claim to the possession of absolute truth, or absolute authority, it is in the declaration only of the right of private judgment, that the safety of the human conscience, or of human rights can be found or maintained. The Reformers, while they maintained this principle, did not understand it, upwards of a hundred years had to pass away before the Friends arose who developed it in its true relation to life. Even at present we are indisposed to let think ; we wish to sit as umpires on the consciences of men. The practical value resulting from a review of the Marian Age is in the opportunity thus given of testing the consequences of men-

tal tyranny. Here they begin to unfold themselves ; and now let the reader note as he passes along, he will find dissensions, rebellions, and civil feuds through the land : trade and commerce declining, an universal horror disseminated in the erection of gibbets, stakes, and scaffolds ; a sort of moral miasma seizes upon all understandings : all men's hearts fail them for fear, while meantime from their seats of eminence and exaltation, from the cathedral chair, from the pulpit, from the cottage fireside, from the ancient and spacious hall, and farm grange, Bishops and preachers, weak women and old men, children and servant girls, march forth to town ditches, or to wide and spacious moors to be offered in sacrifice : thus meeting all attempts to hang chains around the consciences, or to trample daringly and insolently on the inborn rights of the human race.

## CHAPTER III.

## STRUGGLES FOR A THRONE.

KING EDWARD'S death was kept secret for many days, in order that Mary might be prevented from asserting her right to the English Throne ; the dominant faction of Northumberland gathered round the death bed, determined, as a first step, on obtaining possession of the Princess, and proclaiming the Lady Jane Grey, Queen. A deceitful letter was, therefore, written to Mary, inviting her, as from her brother, to come to him, and "comfort him by her presence ; as well also because he was desirous of seeing all well ordered about him." Mary, who had watched over his infancy, set out on this appeal ; sending a message to him to express her pleasure in being of any comfort to him, she started from Hunsdon, and had got as far as Hoddesden when she was met by a mysterious messenger from whom she learned that her affections had been imposed on, that

the King was already really dead, and that she was destined to imprisonment in the Tower. It is probable that this intelligence was conveyed to her by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. She doubted the intelligence; Sir Nicholas, too, had assumed the Shibboleth speech of the Geneva Theology, and she did not believe that he was at all disposed to be friendly to her cause. She did not, however, despise the warning, but leaving the London road she diverged towards Suffolk, bending her flight in the direction of Cambridgeshire, through Bury St. Edmunds, as the nearest way to Kenninghall. It was in the full glory of a bright July night that she passed along through those unfrequented shades, and over those desolate plains, "which are," says Miss Strickland, "intersected by the Eastern road (once so familiar to the pilgrims bound to the lady shrine of Walsingham, and since as much traversed by the frequenters of Newmarket)." The ladies and cavaliers of her faithful retinue began, to discuss the unexpected death of the young King. They were all Catholics of the ancient ritual, and of course viewed the changes of the eventful times wholly according to their prejudices. They recalled, with awe, that the

only heir male of the line of Henry VIII. had expired on the very anniversary of the execution of Sir Thomas More. It was in vain that King Henry had overthrown all existing impediments, and set at nought the lives of thousands, in his wilfulness; for his frantic desire of continuing his name and sceptre, by heirs male, was now as much blighted, as if the divorce of Katharine of Arragon, and the awful bloodshed which stained his latter years had never taken place. Wearied and worn, the whole party arrived at the gate of Sawstone Hall, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and craved the hospitality of Mr Huddleston, the owner. That gentleman, like his descendant, who watched the royal oak at Boscobel so well, was a zealous Roman Catholic. He knew, though she did not, how inimical his neighbours of the town of Cambridge were to the cause of the lineal heiress. Huddleston was, nevertheless, too true a gentleman to refuse shelter to the way-wearied princess and her harassed retinue; though there can be little doubt but that he must have foreseen the perilous consequences which threatened himself, and his Lands and Estates. Mary lodged that night under the hospitable roof which



was never more to shelter a human being. She was astir with her ladies\* and retinue before sunrise; very early in the morning she set out on her journey to Kenninghall. When she and her party gained the rise, called the Gog-Magog hills, she drew her bridle rein, and paused to look back at Sawstone Hall. At that moment it burst into flames; for a party from Cambridge, adverse to her cause, had heard of her arrival, and had mustered early in the morning to attack the house that harboured her; if they had not amused themselves with plundering and burning Sawstone Hall, they might have seized Mary, so close were they on her traces. She gazed on the flaming pile undauntedly. "Let it blaze," said she, "I will build Huddlestone a better." She kept her word; the present Sawstone Hall was built by her order and at her expense. From Sawstone Hall Mary proceeded to Bury St. Edmunds, where the news of her brother's death had not yet transpired: she halted there but for an hour or two, and then proceeded to her seat of Kenninghall in Norfolk, from thence she addressed what is described as a very temperate remonstrance to the Council, but it was replied to in terms peculiarly aggravating, and indeed

most gross. In it she was advised to submit herself immediately to her sovereign Lady Jane. But Mary had the blood of the Tudors in her veins, and it must be admitted that she acted with promptitude, energy, and skill. She determined to act in the defensive, and so place herself, that in the event of defeat, she might easily escape from the Eastern coast to the protection of her kinsman Charles V. With this determination she left Kenninghall, attended by her faithful knights and ladies, and hastened on until she reached Framlingham, in Suffolk. At that time its defences were in good repair; it had a treble circle of moats girdling the hill side, the town, and fortress; by night she arrived there, and with her little train, by torchlight, she wended her way to the wooded eminence on which still stands the little Saxon tower, and where then stood moated round the embattlemented towers of the Old Castle. Then, over the old gateway she set up her standard, and defied her enemies,\* preparing to resist all attempts to deprive her of her authority, and surely most rightful sovereignty. No sooner was it known that she was there

\* Miss Strickland.

than all the yeomanry and chivalry of Suffolk rallied around her with all their force, both Catholic and Protestant. Her army soon amounted to as many as 13,000 men, all voluntarily serving without pay; all around the moats and walls rose the camp, populous and bustling; and within the walls of the castle the Queen had convoked such a council as she could, in the emergencies of the moment, gather together.

But the contest was neither serious nor long; there was not danger enough; there was scarce excitement enough to make the affair romantic, even to the actors in the little melodrama. The crisis of extreme danger was no sooner touched than warded off. Six ships of war were seen to sail past the Suffolk coast, evidently for the Yarmouth Roads. These ships were intended to lay siege to Mary's castle, and to intercept her, if she intended to attempt to escape to the Emperor's dominions. In that castle they had no artillery, no cannon, no ammunition, but they had some very stout hearts, and when the ships made a sign of coming close to harbour in Yarmouth, under stress of weather, Sir Henry Jerningham went out from Yarmouth in a boat to hail them, upon which it was demanded

what he wanted. "Your captains," said the knight, "who are rebels to their lawful Queen Mary. "If they are," said the men-of-war, "we will throw them into the sea, for we are her true subjects." And so the captains surrendered themselves, and Sir Henry took possession of the ships. Another fortunate circumstance happened for Mary; Sir Edward Hastings, who had been commissioned to raise four thousand men for the service of Queen Jane, when he had raised them proclaimed for Queen Mary, and thus placed at her disposal the whole body of this militia—all lying near to London. In a few days her cause was established through the whole of the kingdom; for, doubtless, the people were universally with her, though she owed much to the brave yeomanry of Suffolk, for their instantaneous, and electrical, and unbought enthusiasm in her cause. And well did she repay their voluntary loyalty, by making that county the theatre of extraordinary martyrdoms. As Suffolk was the first and the most hearty in its expression of attachment to Mary, she gave to it a still more distinguished celebrity, by making it to bear more deeply the brand of *cruelty and persecution*.

On the last day of July, 1554, the camp broke up at Framlingham, and Queen Mary commenced her triumphant march to the metropolis. From London the same day Elizabeth also set out to meet her, at the head of a very numerous cavalcade of the nobility and gentry, amounting to a thousand persons. Mary passed through Ipswich, Newall, and Wanstead, and dispensed favours and pardons lavishly enough as she passed along. On the way she was met by Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, who threw herself at Mary's feet, and implored the pardon of her husband, the Duke, who had been arrested. "Suffolk," she said, "had been very ill, and would die if shut up in the Tower;" and he was pardoned—a pardon as impolitic as many subsequent condemnations; but we do not hear that the mother uttered a word in the behalf of her innocent daughter, Lady Jane, whom *she* had forced to the usurpation of royalty, and whose train, as Queen, she had borne in the mockery of the pageant. On the 3rd of August, the Queen entered London by Aldgate, the old tower of whose church was covered with streamers and banners: gay and gorgeous was the appanage upon the horses—of white, violet, and gold. She had, with great

boldness, dismissed her body guard, though she was still surrounded by 3000 gentlemen on horses. She instantly proceeded to the Tower, where, upon the green, were kneeling to receive her, the celebrated prisoners, many of whom had been detained during the latter years of Henry VIII., and the reign of Edward VI. There was Edward Courtenay, the Earl of Devonshire, who had grown up a prisoner from his tenth year ; there was the wretched Duchess of Somerset, and the venerable Duke of Norfolk, and Tunstal, the Bishop of Durham, and Gardiner, the Bishop of Winchester. Mary is said to have burst into tears when she saw them ; she raised them, kissed them, and said, "Ye are my prisoners"—a trait this, seeming to mark a better character. Then she remained in privacy in the Tower until after the funeral of her brother, for he was yet unburied. Thus, if not upon the throne, we find her monarch of the realm. Will it be believed that she commenced her work of persecution within a week after her elevation ? Mr. Dobbs presented a petition from the Reformers of Ipswich, on the faith of the Queen's first proclamation, claiming protection for their religion : he was answered by being put in the pillory. On the 12th of

August she prohibited the usual preaching unless in harmony with her views and by her special licence, and, before the end of the year, it seemed probable that the entire work of the Reformers would be undone. Evil men, the most evil that ever ruled, were called to power ; in England a sort of dogged despair settled over the hearts of men ; the land seemed smitten with corruption and despotism.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BEAUTIFUL LADY JANE.

THE learning and the sufferings of Lady Jane Grey form one of the most painful episodes in the reign of Queen Mary. She is well known to most Englishmen and Englishwomen. She was the daughter of a man who has been well styled a blundering blockhead,—Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk, who married the youngest sister of Henry VIII. Edward VI., on his death-bed, had nominated Lady Jane Grey to the crown : but as her mother

was living, it is obvious that to her, and not to her daughter (if to either), the crown should have descended; but she had been married to the young Lord Guilford Dudley, and the strong but imbecile ambition of both his parents and her own, sacrificed her with recklessness, throwing away her life to advance their own schemes. Accordingly, on the death of Edward, she was proclaimed Queen. She was the victim of a conspiracy among the nobles to advance their own power—to rear up again, in some measure, that independence and haughtiness of their order which characterised them before the Tudor family ascended the throne.

The death of Edward took place on July the 6th, 1553, in the evening. Preparations had been making, some days previously, for the advancement of Jane. The party desirous of using her as their tool comprised some of the most distinguished names of the aristocracy of England. They had the Tower of London, and a fleet riding in the Thames, but they had comparatively no sympathy from the people; and, of all things, it seemed desirable to obtain possession of Mary. She, in consequence of a message from her dying brother, was on her way to London, when intelligence



met her, and she instantly turned her horses' heads, and set up her royal standard at Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk. Lady Jane desired no royalty ; and when homage was offered her, she burst into tears, and declared her inability to be Queen for two days. The death of the King remained unannounced. At length Northumberland commanded the attendance at Greenwich, where the King's body was lying, o the Lord Mayor, six aldermen, and twelve other citizens, of chiefest account. To them Northumberland secretly declared the death of the King, and showed to them the royal will in which Jane was ordained successor to the crown. The deputation then swore allegiance to her, and were bound under a severe penalty not to divulge these "secret passages" until they should receive orders from the council. Two days after this—the Lady Jane was conveyed by water to the Tower of London, and there publicly received as Queen. On this evening the news of Edward's death was publicly divulged for the first time ; and Jane was proclaimed Queen in the city. But the people were cold,—a Queen of England had never been proclaimed at all before ; and it seemed most necessary that in such an instance

the title should be well guarded by all the proprieties of legitimacy; there were some instances, too, of untimely severity; on the 11th of July, Gilbert Pot, drawer to Ninian Saunders, vintner, dwelling at St. John's Head, within Ludgate, was accused by Saunders, his master, for speaking words during the time of the proclamation of Lady Jane; he was set in the pillory, and both his ears nailed, and clean cut off. And during his execution, his offence was read, in the presence of the sheriff, and the trumpet blown by a herald, in his coat of arms. Wherever the proclamation was made, the people assembled in crowds, but manifested very little enthusiasm. It was the first determined blow aimed at the existing order of things; and it was aimed through the heart of legitimacy. Northumberland soon found himself in a dilemma; but all the difficulties of the council were superseded by the difficulties of Lady Jane herself: she suffered through her affections. It had been arranged between the parents, both of herself and her husband, that they should reign conjointly, and share the crown between them. When the royal diadem was fitted on her brow, as there was not one for her husband, the Marquis of Winchester

gave an intimation that another should be prepared for him. She was very early made acquainted that her crown was to be a crown of thorns. A quarrel ensued between her and her husband, to whom she was most affectionately attached; having herself consented to take the crown, it was obvious that he could not present any claim to it. He was not of the blood royal of England. Now she must have perceived the selfish and ambitious designs of her relations; and, perhaps, with this too, there came to her mind anxiety for the welfare of the person nearest and dearest to her. Her own safety she feared for; she knew how hazardous was the action to which she had been impelled so sorely against her own wish, so entirely in opposition to her own earnest prayers. Poor Lady! it was a short reign, and bitterly she expiated her offence. At the very moment that some of the nobles were investing her with royal dignity, they were meditating how best they might escape, and leave her to her doom. The vile, shameless, and time-serving Marquis of Winchester, who had placed the crown upon the brows of Lady Jane, when preparing some time after for the coronation of Mary, went to the unfor-

tanate prisoner, and told her that several valuable jewels were missing from the state crown, and that she must be accountable for them. On this pretence all the money and jewels of Lady Jane and her husband were confiscated.

A day or two only elapsed, and Mary, from Framlingham, in Suffolk, claimed her throne as her right by hereditary usage, and popular sympathy. The letter addressed to her, in return from Northumberland, on behalf of the council, charged upon her her illegitimacy, and called upon her to surrender herself to her rightful sovereign Queen Jane. It seemed now as if civil battles and skirmishes were inevitable. Mary was mustering her forces, and the people were not slow to rally around her; and it became necessary that the supporters of Jane should take the field. It was proposed that the Duke of Suffolk should head the forces which were to array themselves against Mary, and seek to obtain possession of her; but Suffolk was no great soldier, and most of them were desirous that the chief schemer Northumberland himself should go; and Jane aided the manœuvre by her filial tenderness. She begged, that in her peculiar position, she might

not be left without her father ; and with sighs and tears implored that he would tarry with her for company. “ Whereupon,” says Stowe, “ the council persuaded Northumberland to take that voyage upon himself, saying, that no man was so fit therefor, because that he had achieved the victory in Norfolk once already, and was so feared that there none durst lift up their weapons against him ; besides, that he was the best man of war in the realm, as well for the ordering of his camps and soldiers, both in battle and in their tents, as also, by experience, knowledge, and wisdom. He could animate his army with witty persuasions, and also pacify and allay his enemies’ pride with his stout courage, or else dissuade them, if need were, from their enterprise. ‘ Finally,’ said they, ‘ this is the short and long ; the queen will in nowise grant that her father shall take it upon him.’ ‘ Well,’ quoth the Duke, ‘ since ye think it good, I then will go, not doubting of your fidelity to the Queen’s majesty, which I leave in your custody.” On the morrow the Duke called for his own harness, and saw it made ready at Durham Place, where he appointed all his retinue to meet, and in the course of the day, carts were laden with ammunition, and all the

artillery and field pieces were sent forward. When all was ready, Northumberland, with a tender appeal to those present, in which he declared how freely he ventured his body and life in the good cause, reminded them of their allegiance to the good and virtuous Lady Jane, who,' said he, 'by *your* and *our* enticement, is rather of force placed upon the throne, than by her own seeking and request ;" in the end he bade them consider the cause of God, the promotion of the Gospel, and the fear of the Papists ; the original grounds upon which they had given their good will and consent to the proclaiming of Queen Jane. All present vowed to support the good cause, and so the Duke departed ; but upon his way, his spirits were damped by the very small encouragement he received from the people. Many ran to gaze, but not one wished him ' God speed !' On the Sunday following the Duke's departure, Ridley, whose whole soul was with the Revolution, because, to him it seemed the only effective means for preventing the return of the Papacy, preached at St. Paul's Cross most eloquently, showing the people the right and title of the Lady Jane. He inveighed earnestly against the Lady Mary, and also

against Elizabeth, of whose religion doubts were entertained. The Londoners listened in silence ; but even now the adherents to the poor victim queen were arranging to purchase their safety with her destruction ; they were plotting to go over in a body to Mary. Sorry cowards, and caitiff lords that they were ! so that they themselves escaped they cared little for the lamb entangled in their toils. The first step was to leave the Tower, and the leaders of the council persuaded the Duke of Suffolk that it was necessary to levy fresh forces, and to place them in better hands—namely, their own ; and further, that to be of full use to the Queen they must be permitted to leave the Tower, and to hold their sittings at Baynard's Castle. The council was no sooner arrived at this place, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, than they declared with one voice for Queen Mary, and instantly dispatched the Earl of Arundel, Sir William Paget, and Sir William Cecil, to notify their submission with exceeding great loyalty. In the course of the same day the council summoned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and told them they must ride with them, “into the Cheap,” and proclaim her Queen ; and forthwith they all went and proclaimed the

Lady Mary, and to add more splendour to the circumstance, they went in procession to St. Paul's, singing the *Te Deum*. Some companies were sent to besiege the Tower, but the Duke of Suffolk opened the gates immediately upon their arrival:—he then went to Lady Jane, and told her she must be content to be unqueened, and she received the intelligence joyfully; and while she retired to prayer, in an inner room, her father hastened to Baynard's Castle, and attached his name to the decrees then issuing in the name of Queen Mary.

It was a short monarchy that of Queen Jane. Alas for her! "The twelfth night Queen" she has been called, for her royalty, what there was of it, lasted twelve days; it was none of her choosing; a lamb might as soon have revolted against wolves as Jane have revolted against established authorities; and she was very young—she was but seventeen; her husband was but nineteen, wholly unlearned in all the subtleties of courtly policy and casuistry. She could better have given a reading from Plato, or have disputed with the Doctors of Divinity, than have warded away the shafts of State cunning; and they were her relatives, too, who implored her to accept the crown; her husband,



too, and her mother, besides that mother was the sister of Henry VIII. The children of Henry were illegitimated, and thus that sister was herself the heir to the crown. Perhaps all these motives would have been unavailing, but for others, at which she hints in her letter to her royal Cousin Mary. It is a painful letter : she declares that if a fault so great as hers may be extenuated by a confession, she is willing to make it ; she describes her consternation and confusion when her father and mother, her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland, and the Duke, announced to her the death of Edward VI., and, doing her homage as Queen, informed her that, by virtue of his will, she was left heiress to the crown. She fell to the ground, and swooned as one dead, overcome with feelings she too truly felt to be fatally disastrous to her. She says that when she was brought to the Tower as Queen, the Marquis of Winchester, lord treasurer, brought her the crown to try on her head, to see how it would fit her, and that he brought it of his own accord, unsent for by her, or by any one in her name ; and when she scrupled to put it on, the Marquis said, " She need not do so, for he would have another made to crown her husband

withal." We have already referred to Jane's objection to this exaltation of her husband, which drew on her scenes of coarse violence from him and his mother, the Duchess of Northumberland. They appear to have used personal ill-treatment to her, for she says to the Queen with indignant emphasis, "I was *mal-treated* by my husband and his mother."

Northumberland, the prime leader of the usurpation, perished immediately on the block on the accession of Mary. The father of Lady Jane was pardoned, and it is most probable that Jane and her husband would also have been, but that the Duke of Suffolk, the factious imbecile, took part in Wyatt's rebellion, and thus he not only sacrificed his own life, but that of his lovely child. Guiltless as she was of crime in intention, she and her husband descended from their seats of powerless and mimic pomp in the Tower, to take their places in its dungeon chambers; they bade adieu to the gaiety and glory of life never to behold them again. Within a week, after Wyatt's discomfiture it was determined that Lady Jane should die, and her husband also, on the same day. It was a black week, that in which this truly royal and glorious girl was doomed to

suffer; it was that in which the streets of London were lined with the gallowses of the rebels. The poor lady had lain under sentence of death for six months; she had been closely imprisoned twelve and upwards; but when her death was resolved upon, she wrote to her father, making no mention of that folly which had precipitated her to a certain and so early a grave; but she entreated him to moderate his grief, and added:

“Though I must needs acknowledge that being constrained, and, as you well know, continually persuaded, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the Queen and her laws.” She concludes: “And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I at present stand, whose death at hand, although to you, perhaps, it may seem right woeful, to me there is nothing that can seem more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure with Christ our Saviour, in whose steadfast faith, if it be lawful for the daughter \* so to write to the father, may the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue you, that at the last we may meet in Heaven.”

As her end drew nigh, efforts were made to

convert her to Romanism. And Dr. Feckenham was sent by Mary, to her cousin Jane for this purpose; but she was too deeply skilled and learned in the principles of Divine Truth. She had, youthful as she was, deeply matured in her New Testament learning. The Catholic Dean of St. Paul's could neither shake her fortitude, nor her faith. There can be no doubt that Protestantism was the great conspiring occasion of her death. For once, when Lady Jane was very young, and spending some time at New Hall, in Essex, the residence of the Princess Mary, passing through the chapel with Lady Anne Wharton, that lady made obeisance to the consecrated wafer, hanging as usual, in a box over the altar. Lady Jane wondered, and asked if the Princess was coming? Her companion replied, "No;" and said, "She made the obeisance to Him that made us all!" "Why," said the Lady Jane, "how can *that be He*, that made us all; *for the baker made him!*" This remark was reported to Mary, and it is said, she never forgot or forgave it. She was most tenderly and fondly attached to her husband, but she refused a farewell meeting with him on the morning of the day of execution. "It would

foment their grief," she said, "rather than comfort in death, and they should shortly meet in a better place, and a more happy estate." But the trial she had to undergo was far more severe than the separation she declined. From the window of "Master Partridge's house," where she was lodged, she beheld Lord Guildford going to execution, and exchanged with him her parting signal. He passed on to Tower Hill, and was brought back in a cart to be buried in the Tower Chapel; and she looked upon his headless trunk. Were not the officers and authorities about, nearly related to fiends, that they offered such a violation of all mere decency and sensibility to such a wife? But she was far far beyond the reach of their torture. "Oh! Guildford, Guildford!" exclaimed the unhappy lady, for in her extreme agony she ascended to the height of Christian sublimity. "The antepast is not so bitter, that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble: it is nothing to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven." o

She immediately went forth to the Tower Green. Her own scaffold was fixed there for privacy, both for herself, and still more because

the Council feared the influence the spectacle of youth and beauty, under sufferings so severe, might have on the populace. Her countenance was not cast down ; and it was remarked that her eyes were not moistened with tears. No wonder : she was beyond the grief that could find a vent in those lenitives of sorrow. Her gentlewomen, Elizabeth Tilney, and Mistress Helen, wonderfully wept. There, in a modest address to the bystanders, she stated that she had justly deserved punishment, for suffering herself to be made the instrument, though unwillingly, of the ambition of others ; and that she hoped her fate might serve as a memorable example to after times. The executioner beginning to disrobe her, she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her attendants, who performed for her that melancholy office. He then requested her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." As she knelt, she inquired, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?" "No, madám," was the reply. Then she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, said, "Where is it ? Where is it?"—One of the standers-by guided her thereunto ; and she laid down her head, and stretching

"With her body," said Lord, "into thy hands I commend my spirit,"—and thus died at the age of seventeen years.

As long as the English language is readable, or the English History of moment or interest—as long as woman's name is lovely, and the memory of exalted sorrow affecting—so long will the life of Lady Jane Grey be wept over. Broadgate, in Leicestershire, is still remembered, principally, if not only, as the place of her walks and studies; and over one large space of the ruin wild snowdrops annually return.—Popular tradition, ever in love with symbols, assigns to this spot the reading-room of the youthful and noble student. When the writer of these pages walked over the melancholy ruins and deserted grange, the sweet image of the gentle lady came vividly to the mind, and that beautiful anecdote of her, recorded by Mr. Roger Ascham:

"Before I went into Germany I came," says he, "to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of the noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading

‘Phædo Platonic,’ in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: ‘I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in reading Plato. Alas! good folk they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ‘And how came you, madam,’ quoth I, ‘to this deep knowledge of pleasure?’ And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women and but very few men have attained therunto? ‘I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘and tell you a truth which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For whether I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, or dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it as it were, in such weight, measure, number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yet so sweetly comforted with pinches, nips and bays, and other wise words,



I will not mention for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure; and more than in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.' I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that worthy and noble lady."

Lady Jane Grey spoke and wrote correctly and fluently, the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages; she also understood Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; these were, indeed, astonishing acquisitions for one who was but a child in age, though wiser, as has been observed, than many at fourscore. Her love of retirement did not arise, as is frequently the case, from any personal defects; for her grace and

beauty fitted her to shine in any society, and her temper was remarkable for its sweetness ; her accomplishments also extended to all those branches of female knowledge, fitting to render her a most delightful companion. She was regarded, however, by her parents, only as the scaffolding for their ambition ; her marriage, truly, as she was attached to her husband, was made for her to advance her family to power, but, in the recollection of her name all is lost excepting her own sorrows, her learning, and her fortitude. She appears before us in the pages of these Histories, almost as a mythic<sup>o</sup> personage, but her character and her attainments are too well known for suspicion ; she shines forth like a beautiful transparency, illuminated by the fires of martyrdom and suffering. Her love of retirement was such, that it is probable but for these her name might scarcely have descended to us ; as it is, her calm and beautiful bearing rise before us as symbolic of all that is most noble in a womanly nature. The reign of Mary abounded in tragedies, but not one of them all was more touching than this ; there was every thing to extenuate the error Jane committed in yielding to the schemes of her wily relatives. The Wyatt rebellion, although so

unfortunate for her, it was obvious was not occasioned by a desire to place her on the throne, for the Princess Elizabeth was imprisoned upon the charge of being implicated in the rebellion. It was impossible that both Jane and Elizabeth could both be in the view of Wyatt and his party : the probability is, that Elizabeth did not at all sanction the rising ; it is certain that Jane did not know of it. Mary was desirous of removing them both from her pathway. Protestantism she hated, and all protestants, in her eyes, were heretics and traitors, and the more lofty their station the more dangerous were they. Renaud, too, the Spanish Ambassador, probably demanded the head of Lady Jane, as an offering of love to his master Philip ; he demanded many victims of less importance, and the request was complied with. At any rate she was sacrificed. We know that Mary might have saved her and she would not ; she was her first cousin, and from the claims of blood might have abated even some severity, had it been a case where it was needful ; but at the moment when the exercise of mercy was called for, Mary was like a lioness fired with the taste of blood, her metropolis was reeking with blood. We should remember the name of Mary with execration

and horror, if only for the death of the beautiful and gentle Lady Jane.

The following pieces may be regarded as the remains of the unfortunate Lady. Upon the walls of her prison she wrote with a pin the following lines in Latin, from which language they are here translated.

“To mortals’ common fate thy mind resign ;  
My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine.”

Another,

“Harmless all malice, if my God be nigh ;  
Fruitless all pains, if He His help deny :  
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,  
And wait the morning of eternal day.”

*A Prayer made by the Lady Jane, in the time of  
her Trouble.*

“O Lord, thou God and Father of my life, hear me, a poor and desolate woman, who takes refuge with thee only, in all troubles and miseries. Thou, O Lord, art the only defender and deliverer of those that put their trust in thee ; and therefore I, being defiled with sin, incumbered with affliction, and disquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, vexed with tempta-

tions, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, do come unto thee, O merciful Saviour, craving thy mercy and help, without which, so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair.

“Albeit it is expedient that, seeing our life is full of trials, we should be visited with some adversity, whereby we might both be tried whether we are of thy flock or not, and also know thee and ourselves the better; yet thou that saidst thou wouldest not suffer us to be tempted above our power, be merciful unto me now, miserable wretch. I beseech thee, and, with Solomon, do cry unto thee, humbly desiring, that I may neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor be too much pressed down with adversity; lest I, being full, should deny thee, my God; or, being brought too low, should despair, and blaspheme thee, my Lord and Saviour.

“O merciful God, consider my misery, best known unto thee, and be thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly beseech thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power; but either be thou a deliverer unto me out of this great misery, or else give me grace, patiently to bear thy heavy hand and sharp correction. It was thy right hand that delivered the people of Israel out of the hands of Pharaoh, who, for the space of four hundred years, did oppress them, and keep them in bondage.

Let it, therefore, likewise seem good to thy fatherly goodness, to deliver me, sorrowful wretch, (for whom thy Son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross,) out of this miserable captivity and bondage wherein I now am. How long wilt thou be absent?—for ever? O Lord, hast thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast thou shut up thy loving-kindness in displeasure? Wilt thou be no more entreated? Is thy mercy gone for ever, and thy promise come utterly to an end, for evermore? Why dost thou make so long tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy, O God? Far be that from me. I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus: give me grace, therefore, to await thy leisure, and patiently to bear what thou doest unto me, assuredly knowing, that, as thou caust, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee, nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me; for thou knowest what is good for me, better than I do. Therefore, do with me in all things what thou wilt, and visit me with affliction in what way thou wilt; only, in the mean time, arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armour, that I may stand fast; my loins being girt about with truth, having on the breast plate of righteousness, and shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all things, taking to me the shield of faith, wherewith I may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and taking the helmet of salvation, and the sword

of the Spirit, which is thy most holy word ; praying always with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abiding thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please thee to send me ; seeing such troubles are profitable for me ; and seeing, I am assuredly persuaded, that all thou doest cannot but be well. Hear me, O merciful Father, for His sake, whom thou wouldest should be a sacrifice for my sins ; to whom, with thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory. Amen."

*A Letter written by the Lady Jane, in the end of a New Testament in Greek, which she sent unto her sister, the Lady Catherine, the night before she suffered.*

" I have here sent you (good sister Catherine) a book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet, inwardly, it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book (dear sister) of the law of the Lord, it is his Testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretched creatures, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy ; and, if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life ; it shall

teach you to live, and learn you to die ; it shall obtain for you more than you should have gained by possession of your father's lands ; for as, if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so if you apply diligently to this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, nor the thief shall steal, nor yet the moth corrupt.

“ Desire, with David, (good sister,) to understand the law of God. And trust not that the tenderness of your age is an assurance that you will live many years ; for (if God call) the young goeth as soon as the old ; also endeavour to learn how to die. Defy the world, deny the devil, and despise the flesh ; and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despise not ; be strong in faith, and yet presume not ; and desire with St. Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and, even at midnight, be waking, lest, when death cometh, and stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you be, like the evil servant, found sleeping ; and lest, for want of oil, you be found like the five foolish women, or like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage.

“ Rejoice in Christ as I do. Follow the steps



of your master, Christ, and take up your cross ; lay your sins on him, and always embrace him. And, as concerning my death, rejoice as I do, (good sister,) that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on<sup>\*</sup> incorruption. For I am assured, that I shall, when I lose a mortal life, win an immortal life ; the which I pray God to grant you, and send you, of his grace, to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith ; from the which, (in God's name,) I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for the hope of life, nor the fear of death ; for if you will deny his faith, thinking thereby to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your days to your comfort and his glory ; to the which glory may God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you. Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who alone can help you."

## CHAPTER V.

## SPANISH INFLUENCES.

MARY, as we have already intimated was, by temperament and character more truly Spanish than English :—the granddaughter of the great Isabella of Castile ; the cousin of the great Emperor Charles V. ; the daughter of Katharine of Arragon, it is hardly to be marvelled at that her mind turned to Spain. She had been betrothed to Charles V., in her infancy, and her education had been cast entirely in the Spanish mould, Spanish dress, Spanish manners, Spanish customs and language. Philip II. was the son of Charles V., and although it seems singular that a family marriage, proposed for the father, should be consummated by the son, Mary, with avidity, complied with the proposals for the union. The Spain of this day gives us a poor idea of the Spain of that.—Its magnificence and wealth were unbounded ; it was the land of discovery and of chivalry ;

it was the land of the Priest, the Merchant, and the Warrior: it was the stronghold of Romanism. Romanism was in harmony with Spanish tastes, and ideas, and constitution. The doctrines of the Protestants made no advance into the Land of the Olive. The sword of the Spanish Monarch was waved remorselessly, to kill all the daring innovators upon the ancient rituals of the Church.

Britain was at the head of the Protestant movement; not so much in the wide-spreading opinions of her people, as in the learning, the piety, and the zeal of many of her bishops and teachers. Her position, her spirit, her growth and advancement so irrepressible, constituted her the most formidable rival of the Roman Hierarchy. An alliance with Spain would tend wonderfully to repress this; and therefore, a marriage of Mary with Philip was hailed rapturously by the Catholic party of Europe, but with real dread by all Protestants. Many, indeed, of the Catholics of England regarded with feelings of dismay the marriage, not on account of their religion, for which, from such circumstances, they could have no fear; but from indefinite views of the power of a civil nature which Philip might assume over the

land. Many persons supposed, for instance, that the crown and the country would be transferred as a kind of dowry to Philip, and thus England, with its dependencies, would sink into a mere province of the Empire of Spain, like Sicily, Naples, Arragon. Gardiner, the cruel Catholic Bishop of Winchester as vehemently opposed the marriage as the Protestant party, while the Parliament in those days so compliant, sent up Mr. Speaker with twenty of their number to implore her Majesty not to marry a stranger or a foreigner. Mary attributed this movement to Gardiner, and vowed that she would "be a match" for him and his "cunning." Accordingly she sent that night for the Spanish Ambassador, and bade him follow her into her private Oratory, and there, in the presence of the Consecrated Host, she knelt before the altar, and after repeating the hymn, "*Veni Creator*," she called God to witness, that while she lived she would never wed any other man than Philip of Spain. This event occurred on the last day of October, and upon the 17th of November, she sent for the House of Commons, when their Speaker read the above-mentioned petition; but instead of the answer being conveyed through the Chan-

cellor, she replied herself, saying :—" That for all their loyal wishes and their desire that her issue might succeed her, she thanked them, but inasmuch as they essayed to limit her in the choice of a husband, she thanked them not ; for the marriages of her predecessors had been free, nor would she surrender a privilege that concerned her more than it did the Commons." Early in January, Count Egmont landed in England, from Spain, to conclude the treaty for marriage. And before he reached the court, he had occasion to know that his mission was far from palatable and popular, to the generality of the people. Being mistaken for the bridegroom he very narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the mob ; he, however, arrived safely in Westminster, and there formally announced his message in a set speech, to which the Queen replied, that " it became not a female to speak in public on so delicate a subject as her own marriage ; the ambassador might confer with her ministers, who would utter her intentions ; but," she continued, casting down her eyes on her coronation ring, which she always wore on her finger, " they must remember her realm was her first husband, and no consideration should make her violate the faith

she pledged to the people at her inauguration." The articles of the marriage were very speedily drawn up. Among the more prominent items of these articles were the following :—Mary and Philip were to bestow on each other the titular dignities of their several kingdoms ; the dominions of each were to be governed separately, according to their ancient laws and usages ; none but natives of England were to be employed in the Queen's court, or even in the service of her husband ; if the Queen had a child, it was to succeed to her dominions, with the addition of the whole inheritance Philip derived from the Dukes of Burgundy, namely, Holland and the rich Flemish Provinces, which in that case were for ever to be united to England ; the Queen was not to be carried out of her dominions without her especial request, nor her children without the consent of the nobility. Philip was not to engage England in any of his father's French Wars, nor was he to appropriate any of the revenue, ships, ammunition, or Crown jewels of England. If the Queen died without children, all connexion between England and her husband was instantly to cease ; but if Philip died first, Queen Mary was to enjoy a dowry of 60,000

ducats per annum, secured on lands in Spain and the Netherlands..

It does not seem that Mary either brought or promised any dowry to her husband ; and the articles tell obviously to the advantage of England ; there is but one clause in these rigorous parchments which at all alleviates their constrictive force, it was stipulated that Philip should *aid* Mary in governing her kingdoms.

But, however favourably the articles might be constructed, the marriage did not please the people : and in a few days insurrections broke out in different parts of England. Sir Peter Carew, a resolute Calvinist, was in arms in Devonshire, and took possession of Exeter—both castle and city. Sir Thomas Wyatt, a Catholic youth, only about twenty-three years of age, brave, but rash, fired with honest hearty hatred to Spain and its civil and religious government, took the field in Kent, and the Duke of Suffolk, an old bad traitor who had already been pardoned by the Queen, although far more guilty than more youthful transgressors, over whom the great axe was yet suspended, he proposed to rouse the Midland Counties. So completely was the Queen deceived by the affected approbation which Suffolk gave to her marriage,

that she proposed to employ him against the insurrection of Wyatt: and sending for him from Sion-House found that he had decamped with his brothers to Leicestershire, proclaiming the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey at every town upon his way. The revolts, both of the Duke and of Carew, were very speedily suppressed, but that of Sir Thomas Wyatt assumed a more formidable appearance. The aged Duke of Norfolk<sup>c</sup> marched from London with the trained bands of the city, under the command of Captain Brett, but when they had reached the head of London Bridge, the Captain turned round at their head, and lowering his sword, said, "Masters, we go about to fight against our native countrymen of England, and our friends, in a quarrel unrightful and wicked; for they considering the great miseries that are like to fall upon us, if we shall be under the rule of the proud Spaniards or strangers, are here assembled to make resistance to their coming, for the avoiding the great mischiefs likely to alight, not only upon themselves, but upon every one of us and the whole realm; wherefore I think no English heart ought to say against them, I and others will spend our blood in their quarrel." He had scarcely finish-



ed, when the band of Londoners turned their ordnance against the rest of the Queen's forces, shouting, every one of them, "a Wyatt! a Wyatt." Upon this defection the Duke of Norfolk retreated with the Queen's artillery; there was an utter dispersion of her forces, and such encouragement was given to the rebels, that Wyatt advanced to Deptford at the head of 15,000 men, from whence he dictated, as the only terms of pacification, that the Queen and her council were to be surrendered to his custody. Meantime the Queen was undefended; Westminster was unguarded; the lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded their causes, clad in suits of armour beneath their flowing robes. Dr. Weston, who officiated at Whitehall Chapel before the Queen, also wore armour under his priestly vestments; and when the Queen visited the city for the purpose of cheering and encouraging the citizens, Sir Thomas White received his sovereign lady at Guildhall, clad in complete steel, over which warlike harness he wore the civil robe: all the aldermen were similarly accoutred. At this time Wyatt was in Southwark, and the rumour was widely spreading that he was preparing to attack the city; the Queen mounted the chair of state, and

with the sceptre in her hand, addressed the following speech to the citizens :—

“ I am come in mine own person to tell you what you already see, and know. I mean the traitorous and seditious assembling of the Kentish rebels against us and you. Their pretence as they say, is to resist a marriage between us and the Prince of Spain ; of all their plots and evil contrived articles ; you have been informed. Since then, our council have resorted to the rebels, demanding the cause of their continued emprise. By their answers the marriage is found to be the least of the quarrel ; for, swerving from their former demands, they now arrogantly require the governance of our person, the keeping of our town, and the placing of our counsellors. What I am, loving subjects, ye right well know, your Queen, to whom, at my coronation, ye promised allegiance and obedience ! I was then wedded to the realm, and to the laws of the same ; the spousal ring whereof I here wear on my finger, and it never has, and never shall be left off. That I am the rightful and true inheritor of the English Crown, I not only take all Christendom to witness, but also your acts of parliament confirming the

same. My father, (as ye all know,) possessed the same regal estate ; to him ye were always loving subjects ; therefore, I doubt not ye will show yourselves so to me, his daughter, not suffering any rebel, especially so presumptuous a one as this Wyatt to usurp the government of our person.

“ And this I say on the word of a prince. I cannot say how naturally a mother loveth her children, for I never had any ; but if subjects may be loved as a mother doth her child, then assure yourselves that I your Sovereign Lady and Queen do as earnestly love and favour you. I cannot but think that you love me in return ; and thus bound in concord, we shall be able, I doubt not, to give the rebels a speedy overthrow.

“ Now, concerning my intended marriage : I am neither so desirous of wedding, nor so precisely wedded to my will, that I needs must have a husband. Hitherto I have lived a virgin ; and I doubt not, with God’s blessing, to live so still. But if, as my ancestors have done, it might please God that I should leave you a successor to be your governor, I trust you would rejoice thereat : also, I know it would be to your comfort. Yet, if I thought this marriage

would endanger any of you, my loving subjects, or the Royal estate of the English realm, I would never consent thereto, nor marry while I lived. On the word of a Queen, I assure you, that if the marriage appear not before the High Court of Parliament, Nobility, and Commons, for the singular benefit of the whole realm, then will I abstain not only from this, but from every other.

“Wherefore, good subjects, pluck up your hearts! Like true men stand fast with your lawful Sovereign against these rebels, and fear them not, for I do not, I assure you.

“I leave with you my Lord Howard, and my Lord Treasurer (Winchester), to assist my lord mayor in the safeguard of the city from spoil and sack, which is the only object of the rebellious crew.”

At the conclusion of this harangue, the crowd which filled the Guildhall shouted, “God save Queen Mary, and the Prince of Spain!”

The monarch of England has never been placed in more imminent peril than by this rebellion. The storm of civil war was averted from the city, after Winchester House, the residence of Bishop Gardiner, had been plundered, and the costly and valuable library so

cut and torn to pieces, that it is said by old Stowe, the chronicler, "Men might have gone up to their knees in the leaves of books cut and thrown under their feet." It is very remarkable that, the record informs us, the Kentish men who joined the rebellion, the farmers, yeomen, and labourers, conducted themselves most peaceably on this occasion of riot and invasion; but the ravage of the Bishop's house was conducted by divers of the company, *being gentlemen*.—Wyatt now turned his forces to Westminster, intending to invade the palace of the Queen, in the court and in the neighbourhood of it.—This was a period of strange and stirring excitement. The Queen herself, it must be admitted, never, for a moment, appears to have lost the bravery and courage of her character: in truth, she had been inured to trials and to changes. Her ladies, indeed, are said—perhaps naturally enough—to have made the greatest lamentations during the night: they wept and wrung their hands when they beheld the Queen's bedchamber full of armed men; for guards were placed there for her protection.—Gardiner and her ministers, on their knees before her, implored her to take a boat, and seek refuge in the Tower; but the mingled spirit

of the Tudor and of Arragon rose within her ; she would set, she said, no example of cowardice ; and if her guards were true to their posts, she would not desert hers. It is difficult, at this time, to realise the character of Westminster ; yet it is necessary to do so, in order that we may accurately understand the position of the rebels, and of the Court. Whitehall and St. James's Palace were then surrounded by fields ; Piccadilly and Pall Mall were then long sylvan lanes ; and through these Wyatt, with his party, were attempting to force their way to the palace gates. The more lengthy particulars of the battle it is unnecessary to give. By the tactics of the royal forces, Wyatt was separated from the body of his men ; and when he attempted to obtain entrance into the city at Ludgate, where he expected to find wardens and soldiers devoted to him, Lord William Howard appeared in the gallery over the portal, and greeted him with, "Avaunt, traitor—avaunt—you enter not here !" The principal conflict raged between Charing Cross and Fleet Street. Whitehall, too, where the Queen at that time was, was assaulted by Lord Cobham, and she is said to have come within arquebuss-shot between two of her body-guards ; but when the

moment of victory came, in the thick fight and struggle it became difficult to distinguish friends from foes ; but as the rebels were generally greatly soiled by the mire through which they had travelled, and which adhered to their garments in their march from Brentford, the cry of the royalists, all that day, was, " Down with the draggle-tails !" Wyatt was forced down Fleet Street : there was no retreat for him.— Exhausted, he sat down on a fishmonger's stall, where he finally surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley. He was committed to the Tower, and of course expiated his offences by his death. Nor he alone : upon pain of death all were forbidden to harbour any of the rebels, or conceal them in their houses ; and upon this so many were brought forth, that all the prisons in London would not contain them, and twenty pair of gallows were erected ; upon which Hollingshed says, there were executed in many places to the number of fifty persons ; the gallowses were set up, and the executions took place in February, 1554, which was the period of the rebellion ; and they remained standing there a great part of the summer following ; nor were the bodies suffered to be removed, until the public entry of King Philip.

The train-bands who had deserted under Brett, were, by a most infernal refinement of cruelty, gibbeted at their own doors.

Horrid indeed, is it to recall the spectacle, when lover, wife, or child, father or mother, could not pass from the house without beholding the dangling corpse ; perhaps no transaction in England has ever equalled the horror of this. Miss Strickland, in her life of Mary, and in her disposition constantly to find some alleviating circumstances in her history, makes the number who paid the penalty of death for their share in the insurrection, to be but about sixty, while about five hundred received the Queen's pardon from her in person, with ropes about their necks ; according to the old chroniclers, the transposition of the figures would bring us nearer to the truth : Hollingshed and Stowe make sixty to receive pardon, and about four hundred to suffer death, between the 7th of February and the 12th of March. Boyardo, an Italian witness, says, the Queen could not go into the city without beholding the spectacle of dangling corpses at every turn of the street ; and with a spectacle so grateful as this, she prepared an entertainment for the eyes of her royal lover as he entered her dominions, for to



that hated marriage are we to date the cause of the insurrection. Undoubtedly it was ill-judged. Sir Thomas Wyatt was but a boy, and naturally rash and vehement; but this insurrection must never be regarded as an emanation from Protestantism, it was an earnest outbreak of hatred against Spain. In that country, in company with his father, Wyatt had travelled, and from thence he had returned with bitter dislike to the Spanish alliance. The insurrection was quoted by Mary as an illustration of Protestant lawlessness, but Wyatt himself was a Romanist, and several of those who afterwards became martyrs, when, in the Marshalsea they had their liberty offered to them, refused to accept it from such hands. Gardiner, indeed, the Sunday after the insurrection was quelled, preached before the Queen, and exhorted her to use no mercy, and in harmony with his preaching, on the Wednesday following, forty-eight of the rebels were executed, and many quartered in the public streets. It is upon these proceedings that Knox writes, "I find that Jezebel, that cursed idolatress, caused the blood of the prophets of the Lord to be shed, and Naboth to be martyred unjustly for his own vineyard, but I think she never erected half so

many gallows in all Israel, as Mary hath done in London alone."

But the marriage was the cause of it all, the antipathy to it continued every where as strong as before ; amongst other curious attempts made to rouse a feeling against it, there was a piece of trickery called " The Spirit of the Wall." In an old uninhabited house, in Aldersgate Street, a supernatural voice was heard in the wall, and the people who gathered there, to the number of seventeen thousand, affirmed that it was the voice of an angel inveighing loudly against the Queen's marriage with the King of Spain, interlarding the invectives with loud denunciations also of Popery, and its various rites and ceremonies ; the wall was pulled down, and there was found a young woman named Elizabeth Croft, who confessed that she had been hired by one Drakes, thus to excite a mob. The court and clergy were greatly enraged, upon finding a cat with her head shaven, and her body attired like a Romish priest, hanging on a gallows in Cheapside. And one Sunday, while Dr. Pendleton was preaching Papistry, at Paul's Cross, he was shot at, and nearly killed ; and upon this a proclamation was issued, forbidding any person to shoot with

hand-guns, or to bear any kind of weapons. In the midst of these decided manifestations of hostility both to Rome and Spain, Philip, the faithful servant of the one, and the monarch of the other, made his public entrance into England; he arrived in Southampton water on the 19th of July, five days after the exposure of the poor "Spirit of the Wall." His reception was by no means very complimentary; the Lord Admiral Howard fired at the fleet in which the King was, because the topsails had not been lowered, in homage to England as mistress of the narrow seas; all that the nation could do, short of absolute rebellion, to show its hostility to this match, was done; and all that Mary could consistently do, with the consent of her council, to flatter Renaud the Spanish ambassador, was done. There were many names of persons which Renaud demanded should be given up for execution, and amongst them appears to have been that of the Princess Elizabeth. The House of Commons, which at this juncture really made its voice heard, maintained the independence of the English nation; for there was a general fear that if Philip were invested with the title of King, he might legally claim the obedience of the nation; Mary was

desirous that he should be crowned as the sovereign of the realm, for, although herself an independent monarch, she was marvellously solicitous to surrender every relic of her independence to her husband ; this her council resolutely refused ; she then expressed a wish that Philip might be crowned with the diadem of the Queen's Consort of England, this also was refused ; the only honour she could procure for him was, that he should be invested, as soon as he landed, with the Collar and Mantle of the Garter, worth £2000, and with this he was inaugurated into the Order, as soon as he set foot on English ground. Meantime, Mary had advanced to Winchester, where she made her public entry on Monday, July 23rd ; how she made her entrance we do not know, but Miss Strickland has quoted from one of Mary's own royal orders, a description of the vehicle which held her ladies and maids of honour for the bridal party ; carriages, in our sense of that word, were then unknown, and in fashion and construction, the conveyance, however glaring with gaudy colours, must have been rude enough. " We command you," says Mary, " on the sight hereof, to deliver to our well beloved Edmund Standon, clerk of our stable, one

*waggon of timber-work*, with wheels, axle-trees, and benches ; and fine red cloth to cover the said waggon, and lined with red buckram ; the waggon to be painted outside with red, also collar, draughts, and harness of red leather, a hammer-cloth with our arms and badges of our colours, and all things pertaining to the said waggon, which is for the ladies and gentlewomen of our privy-chamber."

Most of our readers are not likely to be especially interested in any protracted descriptions of the ceremonies before, or upon occasion of the marriage. Philip continued a few days at Southampton, for he was desirous of clearly ascertaining the disposition of the citizens of England towards him ; and, however the civilians may have regarded him, certainly there appears to have been considerable difficulty in preserving a good understanding between the Spanish and the English navies. Renaud complained that the Admiral, Howard, had spoken with great scorn of the Spanish ships, and *irreverently* compared them to "mussel shells:" he also complained that the English sailors elbowed and pushed the Spanish ones, and that the English admiral did not seem particularly displeased at it. At last, on

the Monday after he landed, Philip, in a furious and cruel storm of wind and rain, set forward for Winchester. Although Southampton and Winchester are only ten miles apart, the procession moved with such Spanish dignity, that although starting early in the morning, it was between six and seven o'clock before they reached the city gates. As soon as he arrived, the Bishop of Winchester, Gardiner, received him at the Cathedral, and performed service in full pontificals before him. At ten o'clock that evening, the Queen met her affianced husband, who proceeded to the Bishop's Palace, where Mary was staying; and she received and conversed with him right lovingly in Spanish for about half an hour, when he returned back again to the Deanery. The next day the Queen appointed for a grand court, when she gave Philip a public audience. He advanced on foot to the hall of the palace, where the Queen met him, and kissed him in the presence of the whole multitude. She led him to the presence-chamber, where they both stood under the canopy of state, and conversed in the presence of the courtiers. At even-song he withdrew from the presence-chamber, and after attending service in the Cathedral, he was

conducted back by torchlight to the Deanery. The morrow being the 25th of July was fixed for the nuptials; the marriage was celebrated both in English and Latin; the Queen was given away by the Marquis of Winchester, and the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Bedford. The people gave a great shout, and prayed of God to give them joy; the wedding ring was laid upon the book and hallowed: it was a plain gold ring, for Mary decided in council that it should not be adorned with gems, "for she chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold like any other maiden." King Philip laid on the book three handfuls of gold coin and some silver ones. When the Lady Margaret Douglas beheld this, she opened the Queen's purse, and her Majesty was observed to smile as she put the bridal gold into it. In the Cathedral the service was followed by the long ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Upon such occasions there followed the banquet, for those times, one of extraordinary magnificence, with all the paraphernalia of orations, epithalamiums, the choruses of singing-boys and dancings—with the usual quarrels among the gentlemen ushers, which are also recorded in their proper place. Thus were united the two

princes in Europe, of all others, the most resolutely bent upon the cruel and most unscrupulous advancement of the Roman Catholic Cause. There was a great similarity between Mary and her husband ; too much so for happiness. Both of them gloomy, morose, ascetic ; both of them bent upon the entire subserviency of every thing and person to their own wills ; and both of them aided by ministers transcending themselves in implacability and ruthlessness of disposition. If Mary had her Bonner, Philip had his Duke D'Alva—"Alva the Terrific"—one of the most bloody persecutors ever disgracing the annals of Europe. His career of terror had not yet commenced ; but for years after, his name in the Netherlands was remembered with dread, and pronounced with execration.

Like many other marriages the first gay summer months were the most cheerful, and shine to most advantage, especially for the husband. They travelled to several of the royal palaces—to Eltham, to Hampton, to Windsor, as well as to many of the halls of the more eminent nobility : but the splendour of magnificent visitations soon closed in dark, deep gloom ; the Queen was seized with illness,



from which she never entirely recovered. It was her pre-eminent desire to bear a child, to become the successor to the throne, and great preparations were made in the anticipation of her accouchement; indeed, Queen, and ministers, and people, seem to have laboured at this time beneath the spell of some ridiculous infatuation under this expectation. But Mary, in her exceeding desire for issue, mistook the commencement of a dropsy for the sure sign of pregnancy. The increase of her figure was symptomatic of this complaint; The most painful complication of disorders, beneath which both mind and body, and all their faculties and powers sunk prostrate. The real state of the case was, of course, unknown to parliament, and the two houses joined in a petition to Philip, that if it should happen to the Queen otherwise than well in her travail, that he would take upon him the government of the realm during the minority of the child, with its guardianship. Lord Paget raised an objection to this measure; but the friends of Philip declared that he had protested upon his honour that he would resign the government when his child came of age. "Aye," replied Paget, "but should he not, who is to sue the bond?"

The witticism was not relished by either the King or the Queen, but the act was passed, and it threw great power into the hands of Philip during the Queen's long illness. When Cardinal Pole was introduced to her on his return to England, she fondly fancied that the child was quickened, even as John the Baptist leaped in his mother's womb at the salutation of the Virgin ! On the 27th of November, the Lord Mayor of London, with the Aldermen, assembled, according to commandment, in St. Paul's Church at nine in the morning. Very appropriately there was that day a great fog or mist ; Dr. Chadsey preached in the choir before Bonner and nine other bishops ; and before he began preaching he read a letter from the Lords of the Queen's council, the tenor of which was, that the Bishop of London should send out certain forms of prayer, wherein, after thanksgiving to God for his great mercies to this kingdom, in giving hopes of an heir to the crown, and infusing life into the embryo, he should pray for the preservation of the Queen and the infant, and for her happy delivery, and cause the *Te Deum* to be sung everywhere. The Doctor then took up his text, which was, "*Ne timeas, Maria investi enim gratiam apud*

*Deum.*" "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with<sup>d</sup> God."\* But the parliament busied themselves, too, right heartily about the same affairs, the education of the babe was settled, preparations were made for its cradle, swaddling clothes, and all things appertaining to its delivery; but it was all a dream, although the delusion was kept up as long as possible.

Meantime, while Mary lay between life and death, the conduct of the husband was anything but exemplary. The Queen's court was composed of ladies, whose correctness of life was most unimpeachable. "They were," says Miss Strickland, "not only ladies of approved virtue, but ready to do battle if any audacious offender offered any incivility: of this praiseworthy spirit the beautiful Lady Magdalen Dacre, who married in the next reign, Viscount Montague, afforded a signal instance. One day, as she was at her toilette, King Philip, who had observed a small window which lighted her dressing-room from a corridor at Hampton Court, contrived to open it far enough to put in his arm; when the fair maid

\* Luke I., 30.

of honour, justly indignant at a liberty she never encouraged, took a staff which stood apropos in a corner, and gave the intruding arm so sound a tap, that Philip was glad to draw it back in a hurry, and to make a speedy retreat. He took no offence at this specimen of an English lady's spirit, but was ever afterwards observed to treat 'the heroine of the staff' with a remarkable deference. The fair Dacre was of so stately a presence, that she towered above all the ladies of the court in height; she was maid of honour afterwards to Queen Elizabeth, but was accustomed to speak with infinite scorn of the immorality of her court when compared to that of Queen Mary."

Miss Strickland has all along, in her History of Mary, attempted to prove that the atrocities of her reign resulted from the Spanish influences to which she was subject. This is a poor apology; for, with a perfect knowledge of the character of Philip, she sought alliance with him, and, in most unqueenly and un-English fashion, submitted herself to his government. In fact, it is evident that his atrocities were in harmony with her own desires: doubtless, however, much of that which we are in the habit of ascribing to her, resulted from him; for, in

all ideas of government and religion, their tastes and thoughts harmonised together.— There are many documents proving how absolute and entire was the command in England of Philip of Spain. He never appears to have recognised the authority of his wife : he ordered, for instance, twelve ships of the English fleet to escort his abdicated father to Spain, without even the ceremony of asking leave of their royal mistress, yet, with all his arbitrary and despotic authority, he entirely failed to bow the English mind to his will. He had quite misunderstood the spirit of the country when he came over to England. He had brought with him ninety-seven chests of bullion, each chest a yard and a quarter long : the treasure was piled on twenty carts, and ostentatiously displayed to the citizens of London : they were pleased by the importation of so much wealth, but they were not to be bought to Spain by it. At length he began to feel that he had thrown himself away in a marriage with a very disagreeable woman : and that, perhaps, so far from himself being a gainer by the marriage, the event was, as Gardiner had said, that, “ instead of the Prince of Spain making an acquisition of England, as promulgated by the rebels, Eng-

land had made an acquisition of him." When, therefore, Charles V. abdicated his imperial dignity, Philip was not slow to hasten away to Spain. Yet the connection of England with Spain was every way disastrous. Unbounded as was the wealth of Philip, his folly was greater than his wealth. His policy was derived from a beggar-making school: his views of government and of religion were alike mean and contracted. The tides of wealth which poured into Spain were speedily dissipated, without irrigating at all that unfortunate soil: those waves of wealth only touched the shores, to leave a curse upon them for ever, and then sailed off to enrich the lands which the Spaniard regarded as the dwellings of his foes. Philip always wanted money. One great reason of his marriage was, that from the coffers of our rich and growing citizens and burgesses, he might advance his own warlike schemes—his bloody designs and persecutions. Absent or present, therefore, he still beset his wife for money, and she was obliged to have recourse to many unjustifiable and illegal expedients, in order that she might meet his wishes or demands.—A loan of sixty thousand pounds was levied on one thousand persons, on account of their wealth, or of their real or supposed affection for

the Queen : then a loan was exacted from every person in the kingdom possessed of twenty pounds a year—a loan which fell heavily on the country gentry, who were obliged to pay : then sixty thousand marks were levied on seven thousand yeomen, who had not paid their quota to the previous loan : then thirty-six thousand pounds were exacted from the merchants.—

What could result from this, but embarrassment to trade and commerce. The government seemed smitten with insanity. “Those whom God means to destroy, he first makes blind.”—

Confidence was destroyed in both home and foreign markets ; for goods bought and paid for in the London mart, were frequently seized, or put under embargo, that some unheard-of duty might be imposed upon them. On one occasion the Queen prohibited, for four months, the exporting of any English cloth to the Netherlands, in order that certain merchant adventurers of London, with whom she had bargained for a large sum, might have an opportunity of selling, at a great advantage, the goods which they had already exported to that country. When the English Company settled at Antwerp refused her a loan of forty thousand pounds, she concealed her resentment till immense quantities

of their cloth and kerseys were shipped for Antwerp fair, and she then laid an embargo on the whole, ships and goods, and obliged the merchants to agree to lend her *sixty* thousand pounds, and to submit to an imposition of twenty shillings on each piece of goods. On another occasion she prohibited the foreign merchants in England from making any exportation, receiving an enormous sum from the English merchants for the monopoly they acquired by this most nefarious and ridiculous imposition. But the money so obtained did not profit either the Queen or the country; it went either to her husband or to Rome. At last she attempted to borrow money from the great trading cities; but her credit was so low, that though she offered fourteen per cent., none would lend, until she compelled the city of London to go security for her. The connection of Mary with Spain certainly did equally as much to make her unpopular with her people, as her Smithfield fires and other great civic martyrdoms. Extortion and knavery were the leading principles of her political, as persecution and Popery were of her religious policy. It cannot be too frequently asserted and exhibited, how all, but invariably these two policies, do



accompany each other : the History of Spain most abundantly illustrates this.

It will scarcely be worth while, in the course of this little volume, to return to Philip again. The match between himself and Mary was not so much his own as his father's seeking ; and the design all along was to hang Britain, like a jewel, upon the already gorgeous and weighty Spanish crown. The influence was undoubtedly disastrous to England ; but the morose bigots were foiled : and when Philip found how little he had gained, or was likely to gain by the match, he left the land to the sorrow, indeed, of Mary, but to the joy of every other one in the nation. Yet one other singular event transpired from the Spanish match. In March, 1551, Philip visited his Queen once more for the purpose of forcing her into a war with France ; and although her exchequer prevented her from lending much assistance, she raised some money at twelve per cent., and fitted out something like an army, or rather a quota to Philip's army. Away went the King and Mary saw him no more ; that last visit seemed disastrous enough at the time. The soldiers he took with him fought in an army composed from almost all the nations of Europe,

and they gained, under the Prince of Savoy, the battle of St. Quintain's; but the great result of the aid lent by Mary to Spain, was, that a month or two afterwards, in the same struggle, the French got possession of Calais, and have held it ever since. When the news of the battle of St. Quintain's reached England, bonfires, processions, and illuminations took place in every street; bells pealed and *Te Deums* were sung, although England had no more to do with the matter, for any earthly kind of gain or profit, than if Spain had conquered the Pole Star. The complexion altogether altered, when the news of the taking of Calais arrived; the Queen mourned deeply, and it is said that this event hastened her death. What had we to do in Calais? By what right could we have or hold there? Very different looked the matter then,—to this it had come,—all the magnificent conquests of Edward III.,—conquests won by the expenditure of much blood and treasure, had only been able to retain a hold upon this little port, but the English had held it through all the varieties of the fortune for 211 years. We can conceive the mortification of such a loss, and by such means. In the popular mind it would give the last

crowning touch to the already amply expressed opinions of Philip and of Spain. The mortification which Mary felt was wounded pride ; that which the people felt resulted from ignorance ; it was thought that England could not guard her coast without maintaining, at an enormous expense, a fortress on the opposite shores. Cardinal Wolsey is said to have understood the matter better, and but for popular prejudice, and the temper of Henry VIII., would have sold Calais to its rightful owner, in any way that did not imply weakness and dishonour. It was a most happy circumstance for the nation that it was retaken at this juncture, in this, the weakest reign in English History, and the most disastrous. It might have been a most awkward knot of controversy in other days, sadly preventing the healing of national sores and wounds. In England nobody lost, and as its maintenance was a most heavy item of expense, in the reign of Elizabeth, something was gained, for it is said to have cost a fifth of the annual revenue. It returned two members to the English Parliament, but it was the hotbed, and nursery ground of faction and strife. When Lord Grey was leading his forces out of Calais the Duke of Guise

tauntingly enquired, "When do you English intend to visit France again?" And the reply was, "When your national crimes exceed ours." Perhaps that prediction was verified in our own age, when Wellington landed there. Mary declared when near her death that if her breast were opened, "Calais" would be found written on her heart. This was the last of the Spanish influences, and perhaps they were not purchased so dearly, when they rid us of a troublesome, and expensive, and useless fort, at the very happiest juncture that could be chosen in our history.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE MARIAN MARTYRS.

THE circumstance which has given imperishable interest to the reign of Mary is, that during the period of her monarchy, Popery in England put on a more revolting aspect of cruelty than it had ever in this land assumed; it was a dying struggle for power and existence.

When the largest deductions are made, even in accordance with the sophisms of Romish writers, still there hangs about this reign the undoubted evidences of the most outrageous and disgusting cruelty—cruelty the more dishonourable because characterizing the reign of a woman, and that woman not only one who had herself passed through the trials of persecution, but had failed to vindicate in those trials that heroism of demeanour which, surely, we have a right to expect from those who take upon them that solemn, yet impossible task of coercing the consciences of others. It seems as if this reign was necessary to bring out into full relief the various shadows of Romanism by the glaring fires of martyrdom. The demonstrations on behalf of Protestantism were not truly national; there was needed some strong concentrating event that should give energy and force to the convictions and actions of the people. The reign of Mary, much more than the reign of Edward, made England a Protestant country; Latimer, and Ridley, and Hooper, had made rousing appeals to the people from pulpit, and from market-cross, but the sermons they preached while living were feeble indeed compared with the eloquence of

those flames, in which they were consumed; and some were martyrs, prisoners, sufferers nigh unto death, from every county, from every populous neighbourhood in the kingdom. The precious blood was well shed. Very many of the victims were known to be among the most truly illustrious living, and the circumstances of barbarity and brutality attending the deaths of many of them wrought the minds of those who beheld to pity, to indignation, to resolve.

At the time of Mary's ascension to the throne the country was ostensibly, perhaps truly, Protestant, but it was not enthusiastically so. The means of obtaining intelligence in those times were few, "there was no open vision;" the villages must have been dark indeed, the great multitude accommodates itself easily to any existing order of things. The acquiescence of the people in Protestantism had hitherto been passive rather than active; certainly, during the reign of Edward VI. much had been done for Protestantism, but it had been done very hastily, and the motives to action had little reference to the relative truth or falsehood of principle. The motives were those of mere artful State policy; and the Protestant

cause of that reign was disfigured by the alleged attachment of some of the darkest and most designing men living. What truth has not so suffered? in what period of the world, or in what nation has it not frequently been the interest of evil men to ally themselves to the holiest of principles? But the ancient foundations of the national religion were undermined; they lost their hold upon the public mind; yet the Reformers themselves had much to learn. The first principle laid down by Cranmer and his associates declared that the denial of the truth of the Christian religion should be punishable with death and loss of goods; and although capital punishment was not expressly denounced against heresy, yet obstinate heretics were to be declared infamous, were to be incapable of public trust, of being witnesses in any court, of making any will, or of deriving any benefit from the law. A condemnation like this would seem to be very nearly equivalent to putting them to death at once.

We have, in the course of this work, attempted to give to our readers some idea of the character of Mary: this woman was, beyond any doubt, diseased both in body and in mind; she had not learned wisdom in the school of suffering; she

was short-sighted; her views of things were seldom weighed in the balance of the future, but determined by the passions of the present. It has recently been the fashion to apologise for her—to draw over her conduct the fine veil of modern sophistry. To all future ages of England's History she will go down as "The Bloody Queen." Very much of the horror surrounding the reign arises from the fact that it was a woman's reign; nor can any comparison by way of parallel be drawn between this reign and any other. It is simply ridiculous to draw comparisons between the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, or the persecutions of the Church of England and those of Rome. Charles II. and James II. were ~~men~~ monsters of cruelty; but about the persecutions of the Marian era there was a bloody violence—a *virus* of persecuting poison that eclipses every other age. About four years Mary sat upon the throne, and Lord Burleigh reckons that during that period the entire number that died by imprisonment, torments, famine, and fire, to have been near four hundred. the number, of those burnt, as nearly as can be gathered, are as follows:—

Four bishops; twenty-one divines; eight gentlemen; eighty-four artificers, a hundred



husbandmen, servants, and labourers ; twenty-six wives, twenty widows, nine unmarried women, two boys, and two infants,—of which last, however, one was whipped to death by Bonner, the 'demon Bishop of London ; the other, springing out of the mother's womb from the stake, as she burned, was thrown again into the fire.

Can any apology be made for the woman in whose reign these things took place ? An educated woman, reputed one of the most accomplished scholars of her time—a mind refined by books and by studies—admitted to her palace, and to her councils, a man like Bonner. The tortures to which the martyrs were subjected in prison, sometimes transcended their sufferings at the stake. "Some," says Coverdale, "were thrown into dungeons, noisome holes, dark, lonesome, and stinking corners ; other some lying in fetters and chains, and loaded with so many irons that they could hardly stir. Some tied in the stocks, with their heels upwards ; some having their legs in the stocks, and their necks chained to the wall, with gorgets of iron ; some with both hands and legs in the stocks at once. Sometimes both hands in, and both legs out ; sometimes

the right hand with the left leg, or the left hand with the right leg, fastened in the stocks, with manacles and fetters, having neither stool nor stone to sit on, to ease their woeful bodies. Some standing in Skevington's gyves, which were most painful engines of iron, with their bodies doubled ; some whipped and scourged, beaten with rods, and buffeted with fists; some having their hands burned with a candle, to try their patience, or, force them to relent ; some hunger-pined, and some miserably famished and starved."

Meantime, crowds of faithful Protestants were hurrying from the country, and passing away to various parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Holland : as they went they carried along with them their various arts and pursuits, and established Protestant churches, several of which, from them, have continued alive until the present day. How is it that we have forgotten these things? How is it that we do not perceive the essential genius of Popery to be for ever the same!—that now we are learning to lacquer the horrors of those times with silvery sentences, and to cense them with the fumes and clouds of metreticious apology. Doubtless, there was much

in the age, but not all—oh ! far from all.—There was in the system of that day an inflexible and inexorable cruelty, never turning from its purpose, but, with fell footstep, hastening, hastening on to the destruction of its victims. The system of Rome was worthy of Mary, and Mary was worthy of Rome. We may well quote, in this connection, the language of Bishop Jewell, addressed to Mr. Harding, and rebutting many of the calumnies against the Protestants of that day.

“Ye have imprisoned your brethren ; ye have stripped them naked ; ye have scourged them with rods ; ye have burned their hands and arms with flaming torches ; ye have famished them ; ye have drowned them ; ye have summoned them, being dead, to appear before you ; ye have taken up their buried carcases ; ye have burned them ; ye have thrown them out into the dunghill ; ye took a poor babe, newly-born, and, in most cruel and barbarous manner, threw him into the fire : all these things are true ; they are no lies. The eyes and consciences of thousands can witness to your doings : ye slew your brethren so cruelly, not for murder or robbery, or any other grievous crime they had committed, but only for that

they trusted in the living God !” Nor was Jewell’s declaration concerning the Christian fortitude of the martyrs less decided. In another place, after describing their sufferings in similar terms to those already described, Jewell says, “ Ye did with them whatsoever your pleasure was. The worst word that proceeded from them was, ‘ O Lord, forgive them ; they know not what they do : Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ In the meanwhile ye stood by, and delighted your eyes with the sight. O, Mr. Harding, your conscience knoweth these be no lies. They are written in the eyes and hearts of many thousands. These be the marks of your religion. Oh, what reckoning will ye yield, when so much innocent blood shall be required at your hand !” •

It was the time of horrors in Cambridge ; the bodies of Bucer and Tagiers, those great preachers of the Reformation, were taken from the grave and burned ; the coffins were chained to a stake, a number of Bibles were chained to the coffins, and thus the priests wreaked their vengeance upon the inanimate dead. This spectacle, perhaps, was more amusing than horrific, for the bodies did not suffer, and the soldiers, standing round the coffins, seemed to guard

them, lest the bodies should rise and run away. It was a favourite amusement of Bonner's to flog the poor martyrs with his own hands. If any would study true fortitude of character let them come to the chronicles of these times; the heroism of ancient Romans looks, beside these instances, timid. Women seemed inspired to a magnanimity of character, which invests them with undying renown; "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings did God ordain praise to still the enemy and avenger." Why should we turn the pages of profane story when there are so much more rich with human and Divine interest? It probably is not going too far to say that the civil wars of the Roses, or of the Parliament, caused far less of delapidation, to commerce, interfered less with trade, and the general state of public confidence, caused far less of panic and of woe through the land than did these persecutions: it was not so much the solitary individual, the nation itself was stretched; the spirit of English freedom was almost broken on the wheel.

The first martyr in the reign of Queen Mary, was the noble Rogers, the Vicar of St. Sepulchres; he witnessed a good confession, and spoke in the course of his examinations with heroism

and firmness ; he was examined before Gardiner. Rogers told him that the Queen would not have proceeded such lengths in persecution but for his advice, but the Romish prelate replied, that the Queen went before him in these proceedings, and that they were of her own motion. Rogers was required to own the supremacy of the Pope ; he answered that he knew no other head of the church but Christ. They told him that he had admitted King Henry to be the supreme head ; he replied that he had admitted this only as to temporal matters, not according to their doctrine, that the Pope, being head of their Church, had power to forgive sins, to bestow the Holy Ghost, and to determine even contrary to the Word of God. He also reminded Gardiner, that he had himself denied the Pope's supremacy in the strongest terms ; and said, " Ye never sent for me, never conferred with me, till now that ye have gotten a whip to whip me with, and a sword to cut off my neck, if I will not condescend to your mind, this charity all the world doth understand." Rogers was then silenced, and soon after he was condemned ; he requested permission to see his wife, that he might give some directions to her respecting his eleven children ; she was a foreigner, and

therefore, standing the more in need of his council, this favour, which was allowed to the most atrocious felon, was refused to this earnest preacher of God's Word. Gardiner, in his refusal, denied that she could be his wife, expressing himself in the most coarse and unseemly language. Hooper, the good Bishop of Gloucester, was condemned with Rogers, and after their condemnation they were instantly conveyed to Newgate, in the dark; it was feared that a rescue might be attempted, and the sheriffs sent forward some of their officers to put out the lights in the shops; there were no lamps at that time in London, but many persons watched the approach of the prisoners, and going to their doors with lights, entreated their blessing, fervently praying that God would strengthen them to the end in their doctrines. For six days they were confined in Newgate, in the hourly expectation of the writ for their execution. On the 4th of February, they were carried down to the chapel of the prison, where Bonner attended to degrade them. This ceremony performed, Rogers was delivered to the sheriffs, who immediately led him forth to Smithfield, where the pile was prepared. He had repeated to Bonner his request to be allowed

to speak to his wife ; this was again refused ; but on his way to the stake, he saw her in the street, with his eleven children, one at her breast, and ten standing by her side, anxiously waiting for the painful opportunity for a last sight of her beloved husband. Severe as this trial must have been, he was enabled to endure steadfastly to the end ; and again refused a pardon offered him if he would recant, saying, “ That which I have preached, I will seal with my blood. “ Thou art a heretic,” said the sheriff. “ That will be known at the last day,” answered Rogers. “ I will never pray for thee,” exclaimed the persecutor. “ But I *will* pray for thee,” said the martyr. Thus, with patience and fortitude, he suffered the torments prepared for him, bathing his hands, as it were, in the flames in which he was burning. Thus died the FIRST MARTYR, in the reign of Mary, about sixteen months after her accession to the throne. Although his wife was refused permission to see him, yet, after his death, she obtained permission to visit his cell, with some of his children : and there were found some of his writings, the records of his examinations, and thoughts upon the state of religion in the land. The death of Rogers, so heroic and calm,



must have infused wondrous life into the hearts of the anxious Protestants; for he was well known to have assisted in the publication of the early translation of the English Bible, and by his preaching he had powerfully vindicated the doctrines of the Reformation.

HOOPER, the good Bishop of Gloucester, expected to have accompanied Rogers to the stake, but he was led back to his cell: he was to be carried down to Gloucester to die among his own people. It was supposed that the burning of him there would deter his flock from following in the doctrines which their bishop had taught. At four o'clock, the next morning, he was roused by the Queen's guards: his face was muffled in a hood, and so they began their journey to his episcopal city. On the third day they reached their destination, and were met by a crowd of people, lamenting the fate of their beloved pastor. Sir Anthony Kingston had been reclaimed from a life of sin by the faithful preaching of the good bishop; and now, by a refinement of cruelty, he was appointed to superintend his burning; he met him with tears, and besought him to remember that "life was sweet, and death was bitter." Hooper replied that, indeed, death was bitter, but that he

had come down to that place to suffer for the truths he had formerly preached there, and he trusted to pass through his sufferings without shrinking, rather than deny the truth.

Between his arrival in the city, and his execution, a day's respite was allowed ; but this was spent by Hooper in fasting and prayer : he also had interviews with several persons : among others, a blind boy was introduced to him, named Drowry ; the bishop conversed with him, and found him steadfast in the faith of Christ. He said. " Ah, poor boy ! God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what cause He best knoweth, but He hath given thee another sight in ch more precious for He hath opened thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight, for then shouldst thou be blind both in body and soul !" This pious lad was afterwards burned.

The Bishop thanked the mayor and sheriffs for their courtesy towards him, and requested that there might be " a quick fire shortly to make an end." He said, at the stake, " I am not come hither as one enforced or compelled to die ; for it is well known I might have had my life with worldly gain ; but as one willing to

offer and give my life for the truth, rather than consent to the wicked Papistical religion of the Bishop of Rome." It was the 9th of February when he was led forth to the place of execution, which was near the cathedral. He beheld the crowds of armed men gathered round the stake ; he said he was no traitor, and needed not these precautions : he came to the stake leaning on his staff, for he suffered pain with long imprisonment. Seven thousand people were gathered together ; he wished to address them, but the Queen, by a special letter, had ordered the manner of his execution ; and, therefore, he was restrained by this, and by a promise he had been compelled to give ; for the Romish Prelates threatened to cut out the tongues of the martyrs, unless, they engaged not to speak to the multitude. His countenance shone with wonderful serenity and cheerfulness. Then he knelt down to prayer, a box was set before him, said to contain his pardon if he would recant ; this he desired them to take away. Lord Shandois requested him to despatch his prayer ; he was, however, allowed to finish it. Some persons listened to his prayer, and portions of it have been preserved. At length he was fastened to the stake ; three irons were brought

for this purpose, but he said, "Trouble not yourselves; I doubt not God will give strength sufficient to abide the fire without these bands, but do as ye think good." The hoop prepared for his middle was then put round him, with some difficulty, for it was too small, and the fire was kindled. In every corner were seen weeping and sorrowing people. It was a most sorrowful spectacle. His sufferings were inexpressibly severe. Two horse loads of green faggots were piled around him, and they would not burn freely. The morning was dark, the wind was high, and so the flame of the reeds was blown from him; thus his legs and the lower part of his body were burned, but HE remained untouched. He continued praying:—"Oh, Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." When this fire was spent, he entreated mildly, but earnestly, as he wiped his face with his hands, that more fire might be brought. So, at length, a third and fiercer fire was kindled; some gunpowder, which had been fastened near to him, exploded, but with little effect; but after some time, the fire gained strength. He continued praying: "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" The circumstances

are all related by a bystander with painful minuteness—"He was black in the mouth; his tongue was so swollen that he could not speak, yet his lips moved till they shrunk from the gums; he smote his breast with his hands, till one of his arms fell off; he continued knocking still with the other, while the fat, water, and blood dropped out at his fingers' ends, until, by renewing the fire, his strength was gone, and his hand did cleave fast to the iron upon his breast: then, bowing forwards, he yielded up his spirit, after suffering agonies immeasurably beyond the power of language to describe, for the space of three quarters of an hour; yet dying quietly as a child in a bed."

One of the stoutest of all the martyrs was Dr. Taylor, the Rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk; he was called before Gardiner, on the 30th of January, 1555. He was condemned, and carried to the bishop's prison, called the "Chink." As the doctor passed through the people who had pressed round St. Saviour's Church to learn the proceedings, he exclaimed, "God be praised, good people, I am come away from them undefiled, and will confirm the truth with my blood!"

On the 4th of February, Bonner proceeded

to degrade Dr. Taylor. Taylor was a stout, powerful man, and very unwilling to be dressed up in the Popish garb; when it was done, he said, "If I were now in the Cheapside, should I not have boys enough laughing at these apish toys, and this 'trumpery'?" That evening the martyr enjoyed a privilege not enjoyed by any of his comrades: through the kindness of his jailer, his wife, son, and a faithful servant were allowed to sup with him. Indeed the prisons of counties, and of the country, were, at that time, far more comfortable to the martyrs than the bishop's prisons; the jailers were not thoroughly steeped in the spirit of persecution, as the jailers of the bishop's prisons. At two o'clock, the next morning, the sheriff came, and carried Dr. Taylor to the "Woolpack" Inn, at Aldgate, long before it was light, thinking to escape observation. His wife, however, repaired to meet him, and remained there the whole of a February night, with her eldest daughter, and an orphan girl they had brought up. It was very frosty, but the poor orphan discerned the sheriff and his company, as they passed, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear father! "Mother, mother, here is my father led away." She cried out, "Rowland, where art

thou?" for the morning was so dark they could not see each other. "Dear wife," said he, "I am here," and the sheriff humanely suffered him to bid her farewell. "They kneeled down and prayed together." "God be with you," said his wife; "I will, with God's grace, meet you again at Hadleigh." He saw her no more; they were prevented meeting again, although it does not seem in an unkind manner. At the inn, Dr. Taylor was delivered into the hands of the Sheriff of Essex, and at eleven o'clock they prepared to set forward on their journey. The gates were closed to keep off the crowd, but as they came out, the doctor saw his servant John Hall with his son, standing against the rails; when he saw them, he said, "Come hither, my son Thomas." The boy was lifted up, and set upon the horse before his father. Dr. Taylor then put off his hat, and addressing the bystanders, said, "Good people, this is mine own son; and God be blessed for lawful matrimony." He then raised his eyes towards heaven, prayed for his son, blessed him, and delivered the boy to John Hall, whom he took by the hand, saying, "Farewell, John Hall, the faithfulest servant that man ever had." Upon the road down to Hadleigh the Doctor was so well known

that his face was covered by his persecutors with a hood ; the fortitude and cheerfulness of the prisoner contrasting very strongly with his persecutors. They travelled slowly, and stopped the first night at Chelmsford ; while they were at supper, the Sheriff of Essex strongly advised the doctor to turn to Romanism. He was always remarkable for the vivacity of his wit, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, and upon this occasion he replied, that he had considered their advice, and that he found that he had been himself deceived, and that he was likely to disappoint many more at Hadleigh. The sheriff rejoiced at this, and after expressing his pleasure, he requested him to explain himself further. Dr. Taylor then said, “ I will tell you how I have been deceived, and how as I think I shall deceive a great many ; I am, as you see, a man that hath a very great carcase, which I thought would have been buried in Hadleigh Churchyard, if I had died in my bed as I hoped I should have done : but I see I was deceived. And there are a great number of worms in Hadleigh Churchyard, which would have had jolly feeding upon this carrion, but now I know we are deceived both I and they, for this carcase must be



burned to ashes, and so shall they lose their feeding." They stayed two days at Lavenham, and arrived at Hadleigh on the 8th of February. Dr. Taylor was led through the town without stopping; the streets were lined with people, all commiserating his fate. They prayed for him, they entreated his blessing, and loudly lamented that thus their good shepherd was taken away from them. He, as he passed along, exclaimed to them several times, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and I have come to seal it with my blood." At the alms houses he threw to the poor people what little money he had left; at last he arrived at Aldham Common, where a stone yet shows to the traveller who journeys that way, the spot where he was burned. Here a great multitude was assembled, and he was informed that at this place he was to suffer. He exclaimed, "Thanked be God, I am now even at home!" And alighting from his horse he tore off the hood which concealed his head. His hair had been notched evil favouredly and clipped as a man would clip a fool's head. This was the work of Bonner when he degraded him; but when the people saw the same old countenance they had so often looked on with reverence,

many of them burst into tears and loudly said, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor ! Jesus Christ save thee ! The Holy Ghost strengthen and comfort thee !" He would have addressed the people, but one of the guards thrust a staff into his mouth, and the sheriff bade him remember his promise. He then pulled off his clothes, all to his shirt, and gave them away, and then he said, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons which I have taken out of God's Holy Book, the Bible ; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood !" One of the guards then struck him on the head and silenced him. Seeing that he could not address the people, he knelt down and prayed. A poor woman went up, knelt down and prayed with him ; they tried to thrust her away, threatened to ride over her, but she would not stir. He then went to the stake, and kissed it ; he placed himself in a barrel prepared for him, still continuing in prayer. The sheriff could not find persons to set up the faggots ; at last, however, a most appropriate company appeared—Soyce, a drunkard ; King, the manager of a Play-house ; Mullien, a man for his virtues fit to be a hangman ; and Warwick, who had been concerned

in the Romish Norfolk rebellion, in King Edward's days. Warwick threw a faggot at the martyr so as to fetch blood. "Oh, friend!" said the patient sufferer, "what need of that?" He repeated the fifty-first Psalm in English. Sir John Shelton struck him on the mouth saying, "Ye knave, speak Latin!" The fire was then kindled; he stood still in the midst of the flames, without crying or moving, only saying, once, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake, my Saviour, receive my soul into thy hands!" And so he continued, his hands folded together, until Soyce struck him down with a halbert.

It was a noble army of martyrs: nor can we sufficiently appreciate the value of their glorious lives and magnanimous deaths in the chronicle. All seem alike worthy; but there were some, who, from their position in the land, attracted more attention than any other. The interest of the period seems to gather round the city of Oxford. The morning of the 16th of January, 1555, in a ditch on the north side of the city, and now forming part of the town itself, covered with houses and streets, the martyrs, Latimer and Ridley were to suffer. It was hoped that these two brave men, and most

popular preachers, would recant. In the month of April of the above year, they, with Cranmer the Archbishop, were brought from their prisons to the church of St. Mary Overy, in Oxford, and there—no time allowed for preparation, no books allowed, forbidden to support each other, they were expected to discuss the doctrines and tenets of Romanism and Protestantism,—having the glory of sustaining the argument through the noises and hisses of the scholars ; for then, as well as now, the Oxford scholars, on public occasions, practised very few of the lessons either of the gentleman or the Christian. On the third day Latimer was brought forth ; the poor old bishop was now eighty years of age, and so weak and faint, he could hardly stand. “ Ha, good master,” said he to one of his judges, “ I pray ye be good to an old man. You may once be as old as I am, and come to this age, and this debility.” Latimer was not a scholar. He was a simple Englishman, and spoke in the English language ; but in vain ; his weakness was no match for the boisterous turbulence of the Divinity students.\* At last he said, that “ in his time and day he had spoken before kings, more than once, for two or three hours together, without interruption ; but now,

if I may speak the truth, by your leaves, I cannot be suffered to declare my mind before you—no, not for the space of a quarter of an hour—without snatchings, revilings, rebukes, checks, and taunts, such as I have not felt the like, in such an audience, all my life long.” On the 30th of September the two bishops were again brought before their judges. Latimer presented a simple appearance. The old man held his hat in his hand, having a kerchief bound round his head, with a nightcap or two, and a great cap, such as townsmen use, with flaps to button under his chin, wearing an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, girded round him with a penny girdle, at which hung his testament by a leathern string; and his spectacles hung round his neck. This was, most probably, his entire prison dress; his apparel in the cold dungeon would be the same in which he appeared before his judges. They proceeded to state the doctrines of the Romish Church.

The Bishop of Lincoln besought the martyrs to consider, that “without the unity of the Church is no salvation, and in the Church can be no errors.” Then he proceeded to show the power of the Church, quibbling upon the

word *feed*, which he interpreted to mean to *rule*; and reminding Latimer that if he continued a rotten member of the body of the Church, he must be cut off.

To all this the venerable father replied—  
“Your lordship gently exhorted me, in many words, to come to the Unity of the Church. I confess a *Catholic* Church, spread throughout the world, in which no man may err, and without which unity of the Church no man can be saved. But I know perfectly, by God’s word, that this Church is in all the world, and hath not its foundation in Rome only, as you say.—Indeed, my lord, St. Peter performed his office well; and truly in that (way) he was bid *regere*, (to govern,) but the Bishops of Rome have since taken a new kind of *regere*. They ought to rule, it is true—but how? According to the word of God. But the Bishops of Rome have turned ruling according to the word of God into ruling according to their own will, as it pleaseth them.” He proceeded for some time in this homely yet forcible manner.

After some further words, one of the commissioners accused him of want of learning.

“Lo, you look for learning at my hands,” he replied, “which have gone so long to the

school of forgetfulness, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison, without book, or pen and ink, and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles ! You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death, and overnight the one, through friends and favour, is cherished, and has good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy. The other, for envy, or want of friends, is set all night in the stocks. In the morning, when they meet, the one is in full strength, and the other almost dead through feebleness. Think you not that to run such a man through with a spear is a goodly victory ?”

After further conference, he was dismissed until the morrow, although he entreated them to finish with him that day.

On the 15th of October, the Romish Bishop of Gloucester, with others, came to the house of Irish, the Mayor of Oxford, where Ridley was close confined, and there they disrobed him of his episcopal vestments, and dressed him in the garb of a Romish Priest about to celebrate mass. Ridley spoke vehemently against these mummeries, but they threatened to gag him if he was not quiet ; he then stood silent until

they put the Gospels in his hand, and then took them away, saying, "We do, take from you the office of preaching the Gospel." He then sighed, and said, "Oh, Lord, forgive them this their wickedness!" He was then delivered to the bailiffs of the town, and no man allowed to speak to him.

That night Ridley supped with the family of the Mayor, he invited his hostess and others to be present at his marriage; "for," said he, "I must be married to-morrow." Mrs. Irish was a Papist, but she shed tears for his approaching fate. His brother offered to remain with him all night, but Ridley declined, saying, "he meant to go to bed and sleep as quietly as ever he did in his life." The next morning was the day of execution; perhaps, the most interesting of all the scenes of martyrdom from the rank of the sufferers; for, however they might be degraded, they were Bishops of the English Church; their great popularity as plain exponents of the words of truth, and, more than all, their noble, inflexible, unhesitating firmness to the principles for which they were to suffer. Ridley came to the ground first, walking between the mayor and aldermen, in the black furred gown which he usually



wore. Latimer tottered after him as well as he could ; and, walking slowly, Ridley went to meet him, and comforted him, kissing him on the cheek, and saying, “ Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames or strengthen us to bear it.” Then they were tormented by a sermon from a renegade Dr. Smith, who, from fear or interest, had renounced Popery in King Edward’s time, and was now brim-full of zeal in its behalf. To show the soundness of his conversion, his text was, “ Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, I am nothing.” After this the two heroes of the faith undressed. Ridley, as he did so, gave every article of his clothing to the bystanders : whatever he had in his pockets, was thus distributed. Latimer, old and feeble, was obliged to submit himself to his keepers to be stripped for the stake ; but when he stood up in his shroud by the faggots, erect and fearless, he seemed no longer a decrepit old man, but as comely a father as one might behold. And then, as they were chaining him to the stake, he uttered those great words, which have been uttered so often since, and are, indeed, the very Poem of the Reformation. It was a sight to move any hearts

but those of inflexible and inhuman priests. Latimer, indeed, did not suffer much, for he cried vehemently, "Oh! Father of Heaven, receive my soul!" and bent towards the flames, as it were embracing them; he then stroked his face with his hands, and bathing them in the fire, speedily departed with little pain, falling prostrate in the fiery element. But Ridley's sufferings were more severe, frequently he prayed "Lord, have mercy upon me!" he implored the parties around him to let the flames come to him; for the faggots were piled so high on his side, that the flames were kept from burning up. His legs were quite consumed while his upper garments were untouched. His brother was there, in real kindness, aiding to place the wood, so that it might more speedily consume him. He brought some gunpowder, and this, at last exploding, his body turned over the chain and fell at Latimer's feet. It was remarked that an unusual quantity of blood gushed from the heart of Latimer while his remains lay among the ashes. Some two centuries afterwards on this spot some of the ashes and pieces of burnt stick, and if relics ever can be venerable, surely such relics, steeped in such blood, must be so. The

following is the account of the expenses connected with this illustrious martyrdom :—

| For three loads of wood faggots to burn | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| Ridley and Latimer - - -                | 12 | 0  |
| Item, one load of furze faggots ..      | 3  | 0  |
| “ for the carriage of these four loads  | 2  | 0  |
| “ a post - - - - -                      | 1  | 4  |
| “ two chains - - - - -                  | 3  | 4  |
| “ two staples - - - - -                 | 0  | 6  |
| “ four labourers - - - - -              | 2  | 8  |

Ridley and Latimer were two of the most celebrated preachers of their day. Ridley was the more fervid and impassioned preacher; Latimer the most truly natural and eloquent; Ridley was learned; Latimer quaint and homely. This little book has but small space to spare for illustrations of style and manner, or sketches of the Marian martyrs in the pulpit. The study and the stake might be an attractive subject for writer and reader. However, Latimer was so truly an English preacher; through his discourses there ran such an under-current of thought, so much manly, homely illustration and speech upon the surface, that we may as well turn aside from the original plan to look at him for a moment or two.

Surely nothing is more desirable in the way of pulpit ministration than a general return to the rugged and pious eloquence of that dear old man.

When he preached before King Edward VI. he gave to him and to us the following account of himself:—

“ My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own ; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year, at the utmost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse, whilst he should receive the King’s wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I should not have been able to have preached before the King’s Majesty now.”

The sentiments contained in the sermons of Latimer would be but little relished by the proud bishops of our modern day. They breathe a very primitive feeling ; they are laden with the treasures of New Testament doctrine ; they abound in practical hints and broad outline features of vital Christianity ; they abounded,

too, in homely fable and anecdote. To hear Latimer preach was to be arrested and fascinated ; to hear him, too, was to understand.— He was bold, plain, faithful to all ; he preached before king or courtier as he preached before the people. Seldom, if ever, in a post of eminence and importance, has England had a preacher so truly unsophisticated in his whole life and character. We seem to be listening to the sermons of an inspired yeoman. The freshness of the fields of Kent seems to give a style, and the love of God's truth an inspiration, to every sermon, to which we, in spirit, listen, while we read. Preaching like his, must have been the most dangerous foe to the creeds and superstitions of Rome : it struck right at the heart of the Popish faith, by appealing immediately to the heart of the people ; for, of course, the multitude neither know nor care much for learned criticism,—and the eloquence most captivating to the refined, and learned, and polite, finds little sympathy in the common mind : a flow of homely words, inspired by homely sentiments, strongly reflecting the love of goodness and truth, of God and of man ; words which, not from their clever combination, but from their undisguised simplicity,

reveal a heart glowing with veneration for rectitude, for honesty, for zealous consecration to duty ;—these are the prime things making a perfect pulpit style : where these are, the orator must be, and more than the orator ;—there must be a flowing forth of his soul into the soul of the people ; there must be that earnestness which is catching, and is the foundation of all usefulness.

The following are specimens of the manner in which the good bishop was wont to talk to his congregation :—

#### CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.

“ We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, insomuch as none at that time did the like to whom came a voice from Heaven, saying, ‘ Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria.’ Anthony, hearing this, rose, and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so revered a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, ‘ Come, and tell me thy whole life, and how thou spendest thy time ?’ ‘ Sir,’ said the cobbler, ‘ as

for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender : I am but a poor cobbler : in the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole of the city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have : after I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole of the day in getting my living ; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness ; wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly : and thus I spend my time, poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And thus is the sum of my simple life.' ”

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## CHURCH PATRONAGE

“ If the men in Turkey should use in their religion of Mahomet, to sell, as our patrons commonly sell benefices here, the office of preaching, the office of salvation, it would be taken as an intolerable thing ; the Turk would not suffer it in his commonwealth, patrons be charged to see this office done, and not to seek lucre and gain by their patronage. There was a patron in England, when it was that had a

benefice fallen into his hand, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master, and it was like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master, and presenteth him with the dish of apples, saying, ‘Sir, such a man presenteth you with a dish of apples, and desireth you to be good unto him, for such a benefice.’ ‘Tush ! Tush !’ quoth he, ‘this is no apple matter, I will have none of his apples. I have as good as these, or as any that he hath, in my own orchard.’ The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. ‘Then,’ quoth the priest, ‘desire him yet to prove one of them, for my sake, he shall find them much better than they look for.’ He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. ‘Marry,’ quoth he, ‘this is a good apple :’ the priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, and answered, ‘they are all one fruit, I warrant you, sir ; they all grew on one tree, and have all one taste.’ ‘Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it,’ said the patron, &c , &c. Get you a graft of



this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

#### THE SHEPHERDS.

The Nativity was revealed first to the shepherds. And it was revealed to them in the night time when everybody was at rest ; then they heard the joyful tidings of the Saviour of the world. For these shepherds were keeping their sheep in the night season, from the wolf and other beast, and from the fox.

"By these shepherds all men may learn to attend to their offices and callings. I would wish that all clergymen, the curates, parsons and vicars, the bishops and all other spiritual persons, would learn this lesson from these poor shepherds, which is this, to abide by their flocks and their sheep, to tarry amongst them, to be careful over them; not to run hither and thither after their own pleasure, but to tarry by their benefices and feed their sheep with the food of God's word, and to keep hospitality, and so to feed them both body and soul

"And now I would ask a strange question ; who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in England, and passeth all the rest in doing his

office? I can tell for I know him, who he is : I know him well : but now methinks I see you listening and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in England ; and will ye know who it is ? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other. He is never out of his diocese ; he is never from his cure ; ye shall never find him unoccupied ; he is ever in his parish ; he keepeth residence at all times ; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when ye will he is ever at home ; the most diligent preacher in all the realm. He is ever at his plough ; no lording or loitering may hinder him ; he is ever applying to his business ; ye shall never find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is as ready as can be wished for, to set forth his plough ; to devise as many ways as can be, to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles ; away with Bibles, and up with beads ; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of

candles ; yea, at noon-day. Where the devil is resident that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing ; as though man could invent' a better way to honour God with than Christ himself appointed. Down with Christ's Cross, up with the purgatory pick-purse ; up with Popish Purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing, the naked, the poor and the impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones ; up with man's traditions and his laws ; down with God's will, and his most holy Word. Down with the old honour due unto God, and up with the new God's honour. Let all things be done in Latin : there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return.' "

#### RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

" ST. LUKE hath observants, that is watchers, tooters, spies, much like the observant friars, the barefoot friars that were here, which indeed were the Bishop of Rome's spies, watching in every country, what was said or done

against him. He had it quickly by one or other of his spies ; they were his men altogether, his posts to join against the regalita. In the court, in the noblemen's houses, in every merchant's house, those observants were watching ; spying, looking, and praying, what they might hear and see against the Sec of Rome. Take heed of these observants.

“ I was once in examination before five or six bishops, where I had much turmoiling : every week thrice I came to examination, and many snares and traps were laid to get something. Now God knoweth I was quite ignorant of the laws ; but that God gave answer and wisdom what I should speak. It was God indeed, for else I should never have escaped them. At the last I was brought forth to be examined in a chamber hanged with arras ; in a chamber where I was wont to be examined but now at this time the chamber was somewhat altered. For, whereas before, there was wont ever to be a fire in the chamber, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging, hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was among these bishops that examined me, one with whom I have been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an

aged man, and he sat next the table's end. Then among all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such a one, indeed as I could not think so great danger in. And when I should make answer, 'I pray you Master Latimer,' saith he, 'to speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and there be many that sit far off.' I marvelled at this, that I was bade to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney. And sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, for they made sure work that I should not start from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answer; I could never else have escaped it."

## DRESS.

"We need not cry out against Bethlehem, but let us cry out on ourselves, for we are as ill in all points as they were. I warrant you there was many a jolly damsel in Bethlehem; yet amongst them all there was not found one that would humble herself so much as once to go see poor Mary in the stable, and to comfort her. No; no; they were too fine to take so much pains. I warrant you they had their

bracelets, and fardingales, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment, like as there be many now a days, amongst us, which study nothing else but how they may devise fine raiment, and in the mean season they suffer poor Mary to lie in the stable; that is to say, the people of God they suffer to lack necessities. But what was her swaddling clothes, wherein she laid the King of Heaven and earth? No doubt it was poor gear; peradventure it was her kerchief which she took from her head. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another.' So that he maketh love his cognisance, his badge, his livery. Like as every Lord most commonly giveth a livery to his servants whereby they may be known that they pertain unto him; and so we say, 'yonder is this Lord's servants!' because they wear his livery. So our Saviour, who is the Lord above all Lords, would have his servants to be known by their liveries and badge, which badge is love alone. Whosoever now is endowed with love and charity, is his servant; him we may call Christ's servant; for love is the token whereby we may know that such a servant pertaineth to Christ. He that hath

charity is Christ's servant: he that hath not charity is the servant of the devil. For like as Christ's livery is love and charity, so is the Devil's livery hatred, malice, and discord."

In these beautiful and striking extracts from the works of Latimer which are still preserved for the edification of those who will refresh themselves with his quaint and wholesome sayings, we have the sentiments and the style of the Reformers, presented to us for truly useful purposes, for homely instruction and interest. Latimer's method has, perhaps, never been surpassed; he was not scholarly, rhetorical, logical; but he was eminently Christian, and eminently English: none could mistake his meaning, and through his lucid and unadorned sentences, we better, in this day, perceive the meaning of the Reformers than through many more ample and critical treatises; and this style of oratory, although the most unambitious of all, is of all kinds the most enduring and fruitful. Preachers who carry the colloquial style of private life into the pulpit and who, in neither the one place nor the other, have to affect or sustain a manner, although they never wing their words with fire,

never rouse the most fervid admiration of the people, yet stand high in their respect. Their words are better remembered, are more talked over; their thoughts bear beating out; they sink down into the home feelings of the people; they are watched, because it is felt that they are not spasmodic actors; they move beneath the sanctions of judgment and wisdom. The more fervid orator is, himself, too much the creature of those impulses to which he owes his popularity and eminence.

The death of Latimer, therefore, was a glorious circumstance for Protestantism; the lustre of the flames in which he perished at once revealed the blackness of the dark night of English Papacy.—The heroism of the people's own preacher, and the magnitude and sublimity of the doctrines for which he died, though in many particulars, inferior to many of his brother martyrs, not one left a more brilliant trail of light behind. His bent form, and hoary locks shone seraphic from the funeral pile of martyrdom, brightening his name with every following age of his country's history.

We must mention one other distinguished martyr, THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury, highest in rank and eminence, but not



highest in character and moral dignity. The partizans for and against Cranmer, have equally plunged into the true and unwise extremes ; he was far from being the chief pillar of the Reformation ; he was not a blameless and spotless courtier, he was not a firm and unyielding spirit ; he was time-serving, ambitious, somewhat timid, and withal himself a persecutor, he was "neither the greatest nor the worst of men ;" attempts have been made to prove him both. Beyond all doubt he was a Reformer, but he loved power, and was not indisposed to make those smart beneath the pressure who refused to submit to his will. No apology can absolve Mary from great guilt and ingratitude to Cranmer, for, through his instrumentality her own life had been spared ; he had met King Henry in the full swellings and chafings of his wrath, and persuaded him to turn aside from his designs against his daughter ; and Mary admitted this, and therefore refused to attain him under the charge of high treason, but handed him over to the more merciful treatment of the Church : had he been found guilty, which is probable enough, although more heinous offenders were spared, he would at the most have suffered decapitation ; as it was he was reserved

for burning ; here was compassion, here was goodness, clemency, gratitude. The tiger spared the bird as a present to the cat. The Archbishop, after a long detention in prison, was handed over to the ecclesiastics before Bishop Brooks, in the church of St. Mary, in Oxford ; he made a most able defence ; the charges against him were, that he had married a wife, that he had written heretical books, and had publicly, at Oxford, maintained heretical doctrines : after having made a defence, the commissioners required him to obey a citation to appear in person before the Pope, at Rome, within eighty days ; he expressed his entire willingness to do this, but the citation was, in all such cases, a mere mockery. When the eighty days were expired, the Bishop was declared to be contumacious and obstinate in not appearing. Accordingly, the Pope's decree arrived in England about the middle of February. Thirlby, Bishop of Ely ; and Bonner, Bishop of London, were sent to Oxford, to degrade Cranmer ; they read their commission, which stated that all the articles had been carefully examined at Rome, witnesses and counsel heard on both sides, and that the accused wanted nothing needful for his defence : Cranmer could not

hear this recital without exclaiming, "Why, what lies be these, to say that I, who was kept a close prisoner, allowed neither witness or counsel, should produce witnesses, and appoint counsel at Rome? God must needs punish this open and shameless lying."

The Archbishop was then degraded. Bonner, who was as a bishop, what at a later day Jeffreys was as a judge, acted in his usual insolent and overbearing manner. Thirlby had been in better days a friend of the Archbishop, and was selected by one of those refinements of cruelty, which the Church of Rome knows so well how to employ, as one of the degrading officers. First, he was dressed in coarse canvas clouts, made in imitation of the rich vestments of the Romish Church; when he was stripped of these, he said, "All this was unnecessary, for I had myself done with this gear, long ago:" they then clothed him in a beadle's gown, old and threadbare, while Bonner exclaimed with brutal glee, "Now you are my lord no longer." But the Romish Church desired, of all things, that Cranmer should recant, and when it was found that cruelty won him no nearer to the desirable point, the Bishops flattered like adders round him; they held out to him the hope of restora-

tion to place, and eminence, and power ; and it is mournful to say, that to a great degree the plan was successful. Successful in showing that the "mild Archbishop," as he has been called, was, indeed, not made of stuff so stern as his fellow martyrs ; but at the same time a miserable failure, so far as Rome was concerned ; for, at the moment when Rome expected its chiefest triumph, the death of the Archbishop, (which had been resolved on most steadily by the Queen and the Council) in the arms of the Church ; after listening to Dr. Cole preach his funeral sermon in which he had exhorted him to take his death patiently, and to declare his faith ; Cranmer said, " I will do it, and with a good will." He drew forth the profession of his faith, renounced all that he had written since his degradation, and " Forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished, for when I come to the fire it shall first be burned." It was an astonishing moment to all ; the Protestants were glad to find him steadfast in the faith ; the Romanists were mortified to find that all their crafty devices had turned to their utter discomfiture ; they pulled him down and hailed him away to the stake, where Ridley and Lati-

mer suffered. He was speedily chained to the stake, and, as the flames mounted, he held forth his hand till it was consumed, saying, "Unworthy right hand!" and then, with the last words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" he expired. When the ashes were removed, Cranmer's heart was found entire and unconsumed, symbolic of his faith; for although the flesh was weak, the heart was ever true to the great doctrines of Protestantism. How unfortunate it was for Rome that he recanted in his last moments! that unconsumed heart would have made a pretty miracle, and he might have been canonized in the Vatican.

From Fox's Martyrology, we extract one other account of Farrar, the Bishop of St. David's, who was burnt at Caermarthen in Wales.

He had long been hateful to the Romanists, who ventured to trouble him with a number of false and vexatious accusations, even during the reign of King Edward, after the death of the Duke of Somerset. On the accession of Queen Mary, his troubles were renewed; he was then accused on matters of faith, and examined before Gardiner on the 4th of February, with Rogers, Hooper, and others, as already related.

He was examined, or rather, as the martyrologists express, baited, by this prelate in a most unchristian manner ; but his condemnation was deferred, and on the 14th of February he was sent down to Wales. On the 26th he was brought before the Romish Bishop of St. David's, and required to say whether he believed the marriage of priests to be lawful by the laws of God, and of the holy Church. On the 7th of March, he was offered a pardon on the following conditions : first, that he would renounce matrimony : second, grant the real presence ; third, admit that the mass was a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead ; fourth, allow that general councils, lawfully assembled, never did, nor can err : fifth, confess that men are not justified before God by faith only, but that hope and charity are also necessary for justification ; and, sixth, allow that the Catholic Church alone hath authority to expound the Scriptures, and to define (or settle) controversies of religion, and to ordain things pertaining to public discipline ; and that she is visible, and like a city set upon a mountain, for all men to understand.

These articles plainly state the tenets of Romanism, for denying which Bishop Farrar

was burned. Are any of these doctrines now disavowed by that Church? Romanists do not hesitate to declare that she is unchanged.—In what respect is that religion altered?

The accounts given of the martyrdom of Bishop Farrar, are less minute than those of most who suffered in this reign. On the 13th of March, he was finally brought before the Romish possessor of his diocese, and condemned, notwithstanding he appealed to Cardinal Pole. He was then committed to the custody of the sheriff, and on Saturday, March 30th, was burned on the south side of the cross, in the market-place of Caermarthen. Fox relates an affecting proof of the constancy with which this prelate suffered. A young man, named Jones, the son of a Welsh knight, came to Bishop Farrar a few days before he suffered, and lamented the painfulness of the death prepared for him. The Bishop, in faith, relying upon the extraordinary support vouchsafed to those who were thus publicly called to seal their testimony with their blood, told the youth, to mark him while suffering that painful death, and if he saw him once stir, then to give no credit to the doctrines he had preached. Fox adds, "And as he said, so he right well performed the same ;

for so patiently he stood, that he never moved, but even as he stood holding up his stamps, so still he continued, till one Richard Gravell, with a staff, dashed him upon the head, and struck him down."

Our readers will be interested in reading some of the illustrations of the heroism of the martyrs from the ranks of the common people. We will select instances from various places in the kingdom. :

At COLCHESTER, in the afternoon, four martyrs, men and women, were burned; six had been already burned in the morning: this was on the second of August. The four to which we especially allude were, William Hunt, John Johnson, Alice Munt, and ROSE ALLEN. In the night preceding the first Sunday in Lent, Munt's house was surrounded by Tyrrell, a magistrate, with his constables, who entered their chamber, and ordered the family to rise and prepare to go to prison. The wife being unwell, requested her daughter might be allowed to fetch her some drink, which being permitted, she took a pitcher and a candle, and went to the cellar. As she returned, Tyrrell met her, and told her to persuade her father and mother



to become Roman Catholic people ; the following dialogue ensued :—

*Rose.*—Sir, they have a better instructor than I, for the Holy Ghost doth teach them : I hope and trust he will not suffer them to err.

*Tyrrell.*—Art thou still in that mind, thou haughty housewife ? It is high time to look after such heretics.

*Rose.*—With what you call heresy do I worship the Lord my God. ;

*Tyrrell.*—Then I perceive you will burn with the rest for company's sake.

*Rose.*—No, sir, not for company's sake, but for Christ's sake, if I be so compelled ; and I hope in His mercies, that if He calls me to it, he will enable me to bear it.

Tyrrell turned to one of his company saying, “Do you think she will burn ?”

“Prove her,” said one of his brutal companions.

The cruel justice then took the candle from her, and held the back of her hand in the flame for a considerable time, until the sinews cracked. This was confirmed to Fox by a person then present, and by a good woman, who applied salve to the poor girl's hand. While suffering this cruel torture, Tyrrell abused her in coarse

terms, because she did not cry out. She told him she had no cause to cry out, she thanked God, but rather to rejoice; but that he had cause to weep, if he would reflect. At length the sinews cracked with some noise, and he violently thrust her from him. She then took the drink to her mother. "While my hand was burning," said she to a friend, "I had a pitcher in the other hand, and might have laid him on the face with it if I would, for no one held me; but I thank God, with all my heart, that I did it not." Another asked her how she could bear the pain? She said, at first it was some grief to her, but the longer she burned, the less she felt.

Poor Rose!—brave and illustrious creature? She, with many of her relatives, passed in a fiery chariot, at last, to the skies.

GEORGE EAGLES was a pedlar, a tailor by trade: he led a life of care, and poverty, and anxiety. He lived for a considerable period in the woods and fields of Essex and Suffolk, frequently being abroad in the night without any covering, and spending his solitary hours in earnest prayer: from this mode of life, he generally went by the name of TRUDGEOVER. The Romanists became anxious for his apprehen-

sion, and offered a reward equal to two hundred pounds of our money to any one who would take him. He ventured one day into Colchester, thinking to pass unnoticed among a crowd then attending a fair, but he was observed. Being pursued, he concealed himself in a corn-field, and for a time escaped the notice of his pursuers. One of them climbed up into a tree, and remained after his companions had given up the search; at length Eagles, thinking they were all gone, rose upon his knees, and began to pray. Whilst in this posture, the Romanist perceived the object of his search, and seized him.

The council determined to make Eagles an example, in a different manner from that usually pursued. They resolved to punish him as a traitor, under the law which prohibited more than six persons from meeting secretly together. He was also accused of having prayed that God would turn the Queen's heart, or take her away.

The latter part of this prayer he denied ; and being desirous to suffer for conscience sake, rather than that the remotest resemblance of having been an evil doer should be laid to his charge, he gave a full and bold testimony of his

faith before his judges, hoping that they would send him to Rome, as they had usually done. Contrary to their general practice, they disregarded this, and sentenced Eagles, as a traitor, to be hanged, drawn and quartered; he was led to the place of execution, with two malefactors condemned for felony. The circumstances of his death were painful in the extreme; he was hanged for a few minutes, and then cut down alive; his neck was mangled with a kitchen cleaver, and his body opened; nor did he expire till his heart was plucked out. His mangled corpse was quartered, and set up in four towns where he was well known.

CATHARINE CAUCHES was an inhabitant of Guernsey. In the month of May, 1556, a woman, named Gosset, entered the house of a person named Le Couronne, while the family were from home, and stole a silver cup, which she took to Perotine, the daughter of Cauches, asking her to lend her sixpence, and keep the cup as a pledge. Perotine knew it to be the property of La Couronne, and, fearful lest Gosset should dispose of it elsewhere, lent her the sixpence, and kept the cup. Perotine then informed La Couronne of his loss. He apprehended Gosset, who confessed the fact,

and requested that he would send some one with her to redeem the cup, which was done. Thus it came again into the possession of the owner, through the honesty of Perotine.

The next day the justices were called together to enquire into this affair, when a constable informed them that he had seen a pewter dish in the house of Cauches; upon which, Cauches, with her daughters, Perotine, and Guillemine, were apprehend<sup>d</sup> and committed to prison. They knew their own innocence, and petitioned that their case might be enquired into. As no accuser appeared, their neighbours were questioned respecting their conduct, who spoke highly of them in all respects, except that "they were not obedient to the commands of holy Church, and forsook the mass." This placed matters in a new light. Gosset was convicted of the felony and punished, while Cauches and her daughters were cleared from any accusation of the sort, but they were suspected of heresy; and the bailiffs and justices sent them to the Dean and Curates, that their opinions might be examined. This was done at first in a careless manner; and the women stated that they were ready to obey whatever was required. But the clergy

were called upon to examine them more particularly; the result was they were declared to be heretics for having spoken against the Catholic faith, and the Sacraments, and the other ceremonies of the Church. Being delivered to the secular power on the 17th of July, (they were convicted on the 13th,) they were carried to the place of execution near the town of St. Peter Port, and fastened to three separate stakes. Orders were given that they should be strangled, but the rope breaking, they fell alive into the flames, and while in this dreadful situation, Perotine gave birth to a child. A bystander, named House, snatched the infant from the flames; it was alive, and a fair man child; being carried to the provost, he sent it to the bailiff, who ordered that it should be cast into the fire, where it speedily perished. "Thus," says Fox, "the infant was baptised in its own blood, to fill up the number of God's innocent saints; being both born and dying a martyr: a spectacle wherein the whole world may see the Herodian cruelty of this graceless generation of Catholic tormentors!"

Beautiful was the heroism and firmness of Julius Palmer, who was burned at Newbury, during the reign of King Edward; he was a

bitter Papist ; he was noted for his great learning, and indefatigable zeal in Romanism, and he was, for this, expelled from his fellowship at Oxford ; but when Mary ascended the throne he was restored. He became, however, a convert from the mummeries and follies of the Romish Church, and his acquaintances were wont to say to him, “ Thou art now stone, and hardy in thy opinion ; but if thou wert brought to the stake thou wouldst tell another tale : beware of the fire ! it is a serious matter to burn.” Palmer was wont to reply, that he was glad that he had hitherto escaped, but judged that it would be his fate at last, adding, “ Welcome, be it by the grace of God. Indeed it is a hard thing for them to burn that have the mind and soul linked to the body as a thief’s foot is tied in fetters ; but if a man be once able, through the help of God’s spirit, to separate and divide the soul from the body, for him it is not more difficult to burn, than for me to eat this piece of bread.” He was appointed master of the Grammar School at Reading, and he endeavoured to promote the study of the Gospel ; but some false friends searched his study, and threatened to inform against him, if he did not resign the mastership to one of their num-

ber, and leave the place. He went to Evesham intending to apply to his mother for some property left him by his father, but he found that she, too, was become his enemy. When he kneeled before her, and asked her blessing, a usual custom in those times, she exclaimed, "Thou shalt have Christ's curse and mine, wherever thou go." "Oh, mother," said he, "your own curse you may give me, which, God knoweth, I never deserved; but God's curse you cannot give me, for he hath already blessed me." He endeavoured to soften her anger, but she bade him depart, refusing to give him any of his property, adding, "Faggots I have to burn thee; more thou gettest not at my hands."

Palmer returned to Reading to collect his scanty property. But one night, while in bed, he was seized and put into a noisome dungeon. His feet and hands were so placed in the stocks that his body scarcely touched the ground.—He was brought before the mayor, and, like others, accused of treason, sedition, adultery, and intended murder. For these accusations there was not the smallest ground. The accuser then resorted to the easier expedient—a charge of heresy: he was carried to Newbury.



They at first accused him for some writings found in his study, but soon turned to the grand subject. Pointing to the pix, or box, containing the Consecrated Host, the priest of Englefield enquired, "What seest thou yonder?" "A canopy of silk, bordered with gold," was the reply. "Yea, but what is within it?" "A piece of bread in a clout, I suppose," said Palmer. This was enough; the examination was not prolonged.

The sheriff and some of the neighbouring gentry endeavoured to persuade him to recant, making advantageous offers if he would only return to Romanism. He declined, thanking them for their kind intentions. They still urged him to turn. "Take pity on thy golden years and pleasant flowers of youth, before it be too late," said one. "Sir, I long for those springing flowers that shall not fade away," was his reply.

The next morning he was condemned, and burned at five in the afternoon. Palmer exhorted his companions to constancy, adding, "We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life; yea, for coals we shall receive pearls."

At the place of execution two Romish priests

exhorted him to recant, they said, to save his soul. “Away!” exclaimed he, “tempt me no longer; away from me all ye that work iniquity, for the Lord hath heard the voice of my tears!”

• As he warned the people against Romish teachers, a man threw a faggot at his face, which wounded him. The sheriff, abhorring this uncalled-for cruelty, struck the fellow over the head.

When the flames were kindled, the martyrs lifted up their hands to Heaven, and quietly, as if they felt no pain, exclaimed, “Lord Jesus, receive our souls!” and gave up their lives without a struggle. Their heads fell together: all supposed them to be dead,—when Palmer’s mouth was seen to open, and he was heard to utter, once more, the name of—Jesus—the name above every name.

The heroism of women among the martyrs was especially remarkable. With three citations more, illustrative of their faith and their firmness, we may conclude this painful catalogue.

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CICELY ORMES was the wife of a weaver at Norwich. Being present at the burning of Miller and Cooper, she publicly said she would

pledge them of the same cup that they drank of. Her words were reported to the chancellor of the diocese, who sent for her, and inquired her belief respecting the sacrament. "What is that," said the chancellor, "which the priest holdeth over his head?" She answered, "It is bread;" upon which she was sent to prison.—She was afterwards told that if she would attend the mass, and "keep her tongue," she should be set at liberty; the chancellor saying, that he was willing to show her more favour than he had done to any that were brought before him. But Cicely Ormes had tried this already. Although uninstructed, she was zealous in the cause of the Lord; a twelvemonth before she had been carried before the chancellor, but then recanted. Like others already noticed, her conscience accused her, and she prepared a declaration of her faith; but was apprehended before it was sent.

On the 23d of September she was carried to the stake where other martyrs had suffered.—Having prayed, she addressed the people, saying, "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God. This I do not, and will not recant; but I recant utterly, from the bottom

of my soul, all the doings of the Pope of Rome, his popish priests, and shavelings. I utterly refuse, and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. And, good people, I would you should not think that I expect to be saved, because I offer myself here to death for the Lord's cause, but I look to be saved by the death and sufferings of Christ; and this my death is and shall be a witness of my faith, unto you all here present. Good people, those of you who believe as I believe, pray for me." She then kissed the stake, and said, "Welcome the cross of Christ!" When the flames were kindled, she added, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour." She folded her hands upon her bosom; then, looking upwards, gradually raised them, till the sinews of her arms were burned, and they fell; thus yielding her life unto the Lord as quietly as if she had been in a slumber, and felt no pain.

We have said that into every part of England the fires of persecution travelled from time to time: the more western parts, Devonshire and Cornwall, seemed to be exempted; but in due time they were called upon to bear their witness.

A Cornish woman, named PREST, at Exeter, bore her witness for the truth in a most lively and remarkable manner. Her husband and children were so thoroughly given over to the Popish cause, that she was obliged to leave them, and maintained herself by spinning and other labour. At length, as she could not be silent concerning the truths of the Gospel, she was brought before the bishop. He inquired whether she was married. She replied, that she had a husband and children, and yet had them not, saying, that so long as she was at liberty, she refused them not; "but now," said she, "standing here as I do, in the cause of Christ and His truth, where I must either forsake Christ or my husband, I am contented to cleave close to my heavenly spouse, and renounce the other." And then she quoted the words of our Lord, that those who were not willing to forsake their nearest relatives, and even to lay down their lives, if need be, for His sake, could not be his disciples. The bishop told her that Christ spoke these words in reference to the holy martyrs, who died rather than offer sacrifice to false gods. "Surely, sir," she exclaimed; "and I will rather die than do any worship to that idol, which, with your mass,

you make a god.” “What !” said the Bishop, “will you say that the sacrament of the altar is an idol?” “Yea, truly,” she replied, “there never was such an idol as your sacrament is made by your priests, and commanded to be worshipped by all men ; whereas, Christ did command it to be eaten and drunk in remembrance of His most blessed sufferings for our redemption.

Her testimony to the truth, in those parts of the country, was so new, that she was supposed to be insane, and, although detained for a long time in prison, she was permitted to go about, and was employed there as a kind of servant. Once entering St. Peter’s church, in Exeter, she found there a Dutchman, employed in putting new noses on the images of some saints, which had been disfigured in King Edward’s time ; “What a madman art thou,” said she, “to be restoring their noses, when they shall shortly lose their heads.”

On one occasion, when some priests questioned her respecting the sacrament of the altar, she said, “they ought to be ashamed to assert that a piece of bread should be turned by a man into the body of Christ, which bread doth vinow, (decay,) and mice oftimes do eat it,

and it doth mould, and is burned. God's own body will not be so handled, nor kept in prison, or boxes, or aumbries (cupboards). Let it be your god; it shall not be mine; for my Saviour sitteth at the right hand of God, and doth pray for me. And to call the sacramental bread, instituted for a remembrance, the very body of Christ, and to worship it, is mere foolishness, and devilish deceit." At another time, she energetically summed up the doctrines of Rome in the following terms: "Do you not damn souls when you teach people to worship idols, stocks, and stones, the work of men's hands, and to worship a false god of your own making, of a piece of bread? When you teach that the pope is God's vicar, and hath power to forgive sins? When you teach that there is a purgatory, when the Son of God hath, by his passion, (sufferings,) purged all? And say you make God and sacrifice him, when Christ's body was sacrificed once for all? Do you not teach the people to number their sins in your ears, and say they be damned if they confess not all, when God's word saith, "Who can number his sins?" Do you not promise trentals, and diriges, and masses for souls, and sell your prayers for money, and make them buy pardons, and trust

to foolish inventions of your own? Do you not teach us to pray upon beads, and pray unto saints, and say they can pray for us? Do you not make holy bread and holy water to scare devils? Do you not a thousand more abominations? And yet you say you come for my profit, and to save my soul. Farewell you, with your salvation."

After the sentence of condemnation had been read, the clergy offered that her life should be spared if she would recant. "Nay, that will I not," said she; "God forbid that I should lose the life eternal, for this carnal and short life. I will never turn from my heavenly husband to my earthly husband, from the fellowship of angels to mortal children. If my husband and children be faithful, then am I theirs; God is my father, God is my mother, God is my sister, my brother, my kinsman; God is my friend, most faithful!"

She was led to the place appointed for her burning, on the Southernhay, just without the walls of Exeter. The Romish priests again beset her; she would not reply to them, but continued to repeat, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and suffered with much patience.

But we must halt in our enumeration or



selection from this catalogue of those men and women of whom the world was not worthy. The last burnings took place at Canterbury ; four men and two women were all burned together, by the order of Harpsfield the Archdeacon ; although even Bonner had ceased his cruelty, and Mary's dissolution was hourly expected. Alice Shoth, one of the women, died with especial heroism, calling upon all around her, while the flames mounted, to bear witness that she died a Christian woman.

These are but selected instances from an army of martyrs, they might easily be multiplied with illustrations equally interesting ; but enough has been presented to show to our readers the character of those times—enough to warrant us in crying as loudly as human voice can cry, “ War, perpetual war, with all human absolution and authority in matters of religion ; and therefore war with Rome ! ”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

AT last the time drew nigh when England was to be released from fearful slavery, imposed by this cruel Queen upon the conscience and civil welfare of the land. Those were dismal days, the whole of the country was plagued with famines and burning fevers, resulting from long rains. A settled gloom and superstitious dread rested upon the heart of the kingdom, the seasons were all insalubrious, and phosphorescent exhalations were of course viewed with awe by the bulk of the people, meteors gleamed through the air, strange luminous apparitions walked along the earth ; old master Strype says. “ Apparitions of strange fires were seen by persons in many places, in the neighbourhood of London ; as in Finsbury fields, Moorfields near the windmill, and at the doghouse, by one Dame Annie Clery, and in many open places.”

These were of course looked upon as the marked aberrations of Nature, from her ordinary course, and the visitations of God upon the land for the burnings and persecution of the Protestant. The prices of provisions were higher than had ever before been known in England. Bread was made from acorns; at Oxford the Colleges for the poorer scholars were closed, and they were directed to return home, until provisions should be more reasonable. Beef, ordinarily one penny per pound, or even much less was now four pence. A sheep was worth twenty shillings, and wheat sixty-four shillings a quarter; these prices are almost incredible when the different rate of the value of money of those times is remembered. Heavy rains continued to pour over the whole land without ceasing, causing incessant inundations; and they set in with the commencement of the reign, and continued to its close. The heavens appeared to frown upon our unhappy country, and it is not wonderful, that in a superstitious age, the people generally called in their belief in the supernatural to account for what was very easily accounted for, upon simple and natural causes.

The Queen was dying—it was felt that there was hope, but while she lay sick and ill, innu-

merable persons were punished with the pillory, for either falsely reporting that she had expired, or for covert speeches that implied "their wish was father to the report," the council of the realm clung pertinaciously to their cruel exercise of power. A poor woman named Alice Driver, was burnt to death for heresy; she had been condemned some time before, before Sir Clement Higham, to have her ears cut off for saying that the Queen was a Jezabel. The disease which had seized upon the Queen, was that of which so many of her people were suffering and expiring, an intermittent fever. So little was understood in those days, of the nature of malaria, that the Queen was removed to Hampton court for change of air, from Richmond Palace; probably this accelerated her death; for Hampton is situated nearer to the level of the Thames than Richmond; she was thence removed to St. James, which was then the most marshy site in London.

Rapidly her end approached; while she was dying, her palace was deserted, and the courtiers, true to their worldly creed, were on their way to Hatfield House, where Elizabeth, whom she had recognised as her successor, was residing. Can any thing be more mournful than this ser-

vile shrinking from departing power, to be the first to crowd in homage around the rising throne? Perhaps, the silence that fell over the palace was unknown to Mary, sincere doubtless in her faith, she was straining the eye to catch glimpses of the land of spirits. We cannot but wonder if the sharp remonstrances of conscience visited her then, and whether around her death-bed she beheld grouped any of the martyred forms of the brave people, who had suffered the lingering tortures of the rack, or the fire. All record is silent, the Priests of the Romish Church stood waiting around. She sent her jewels to Elizabeth, and resigned herself to the Extreme Uction, on the 16th of November; the hand of death was heavy upon her, on the 17th: she requested Mass might be performed in her chamber; at the elevation of the Host she also elevated her eyes and expired.

Her death saved many lives. The great, good, and noble Bernard Gilpin, was on his way to be burned; he had been saved for a long time from the fire by the interest of his relations, but at last he was taken to London, and there condemned; on his way back he broke his leg. His favourite motto was "All's for the best,"

when he broke his leg one of his persecutors exclaimed, "Ah, how now, Master Gilpin? All for the best?" "Yea, I believe so," answered he, and so it proved; for before he could be removed Queen Mary died, and he was saved, to become the 'Apostle of the North, a vigorous preacher, and exemplar of what the minister of Christ should be, to all future time.

William Living was saved, he and his wife had both been apprehended previous to the death of the Queen. The officers who apprehended him found a book with geometrical figures among his books, upon which they declared he was a conjurer, who had occasioned the Queen's illness by his magical arts.

The work of persecution was about to commence against the Protestants in Ireland, who had hitherto escaped. There had been plenty of persecutions in England, but at length the time was come.

"Towards the end of her reign, when the persecutions in England raged with increased vigour, a commission was addressed to the lord deputy of Ireland, ordering similar proceedings to be adopted there, and appointing commissioners or inquisitors for that purpose. The order was given to Dr. Cole, who was directed

to proceed to Ireland on this errand. Such a journey, then, was far more tedious than it is now. Dr. Cole travelled at the usual rate, and arrived at Chester, where he was waited upon by the mayor of that city, a zealous Romanist. In the course of conversation the doctor produced a leathern box, which contained the commission, and said, "Here is that which shall lash the heretics of Ireland." The mistress of the inn, named Edmunds, overheard these words, and was much troubled, being a Protestant, and having a brother residing in Dublin. When the mayor took his leave, Dr. Cole waited on him down stairs with much ceremony; the mistress seized the opportunity, she opened the box and took out the commission, placing in its stead a pack of cards. Dr. Cole, not suspecting what had been done, pursued his journey, and arrived at Dublin on the 7th of October. The council being assembled, he declared his errand, and the lord deputy desiring that the commission might be read, the secretary opened the box; but only found a pack of cards, with the knave uppermost. All were startled; and as they could not proceed without a commission, Dr. Cole went back to England to procure another; but Queen Mary died be-

fore he could return to Dublin, and the Papal persecutions were stopped.\*”

Many similar instances might be recorded, of those who, had the Queen only lived a few days, or a day or two longer, had been numbered among the martyrs.

Philip did not think it worth his while to come to England to console his dying wife, or to aid and attend at her interment, although she had named him one of her executors; he sent her a ring by the Conde de Feria, and it was by his Countess that Mary forwarded her dying counsels to Elizabeth. It was appropriate with the character and the life of the departed monarch, that she should request to be interred in the habit of a poor religieuse. She was fitted for a nunnery by her education and habits, by her morose and unsympathetic disposition, by her fanaticism, and by her utter inability to comprehend the nature and purposes of Government; this request, however, was not complied with; she was embalmed, and, certainly, borne to the grave with all the attendant circumstances of regal and military pomp.

\* Queen Elizabeth gave the landlady a pension of £40. per annum.



It is curious to notice how, in the funeral procession, the masculine character of the Sovereign was alone recognised. The helmet and target of the queen, her sword and body-armour, were borne before her body. No intimation was there that a woman or a female monarch was being borne to her last resting place. The heralds, with crest, and mantle, and helmet—the standard of the lion and the falcon—the banner of England, and the standard of Spain ; and then, indeed, followed the corpse, and an exact image of Mary dressed in crimson velvet, with many gold rings on her fingers. The pall over the coffin was black cloth, intersected by a cross of cloth of silver. And then followed her chief mourners, and ladies on horseback, although their black trains were long enough to sweep the ground. This was on the 13th of December. The body was borne to Westminster Abbey, and met at the great door by the Abbot Feckenham, who censed the corpse : it was placed on the bier, and watched the whole of the night by a hundred poor men, in good black, with hoods, and scarfs, and gowns, bearing long torches ; and behind them the Queen's body-guard, bearing staff torches : the wax candles, too, flamed

around the bier ; and wax-chandlers were in attendance, to supply any torches that burned out.

The next day she was buried. Queen Elizabeth was present, and was insulted by a most vexatious funeral sermon. The comparisons drawn by the preacher between the two monarchs were dishonourable to the pulpit, and disgraceful to the subject.

After the funeral, the Abbey was a wild scene of hurly-burly and confusion. In its midst, however, the Archbishop of York proclaimed a collation ; and the lords and ladies followed the Abbot Feckenham to the Abbey to dinner, leaving the people to pluck down the hangings, and tear the armorial bearings around the Abbey.

Cardinal Pole was dying at the same period as Mary. Messages passed hourly from each death-bed of these early friends ; and when the death of Mary was communicated to him, he expressed the greatest satisfaction at the prospect of his own speedy departure, and he survived her but a few hours. He was politic, courteous, and wise, not altogether free from the stain of persecution—in that day who was ? Yet he laboured to establish the Romish Church.

in England by milder measures, and with a nobler and wiser policy than Mary. His death was a severe blow to Romanism in Europe, and was, perhaps, far more deeply deplored by all pious and intelligent Catholics.

Gardiner and Bonner have been so frequently mentioned through these memoirs, that our readers may be desirous of learning the close of their history. Gardiner died before Mary. He was, as our readers know, the Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor of England. He was a cool, crafty man, labouring hard to establish Romanism on a firm basis in England, and leaving to others the mere drudgery of persecution. He contented himself with actively promoting all those measures by which the persecuting arm in England was surely strengthened.

On the day of Ridley and Latimer's martyrdom, he waited with impatience for the account of their burning. At that period it was usual for persons of rank to dine at eleven o'clock; but on this occasion Gardiner delayed his meal till he received the intelligence he so anxiously desired. About four o'clock an express arrived, informing him that the fire for burning them alive had certainly been kindled. He then sat

down to dinner with much glee ; but while feasting his body with the viands before him, and his mind with the sufferings of the martyred saints of the Most High, he was suffering from a mortal disease, the consequence of vices in which he had long indulged, which left him not till he was brought to the narrow house appointed for all living. For some days his illness did not prevent him from attending the parliament and other affairs ; but it rapidly increased, and, as Pilkington, the Bishop of Durham, a contemporary, stated, “ he rotted above ground ; so that it was scarcely possible to get any one to come near him.” The sufferings of his mind were not less painful than those of his body. He frequently exclaimed, “ I have sinned like Peter, but have not repented like him.” His case presents an awful warning to those who defer the hour of repentance. Day, the Bishop of Chichester, seeing his dreadful state of body and mind, and well knowing that the juggleries of Romanism could not at that hour afford any comfort, had recourse to the only ground of salvation. He endeavoured to comfort the dying prelate with the promises of God’s mercy, and the offers of free justification by the blood of Christ, repeating

passages of Scripture. Gardiner, raging with the natural enmity of the heart of man against the doctrines of grace, but convinced, though not changed, exclaimed, "What, my lord, will you open that gap now? Then farewell, all together. To me, and such other in my case, indeed, you may speak it; but open this window to the people, and then farewell all together."

Bonner lived for years after all his diabolical practices had ceased, from the expiration of his power. When Elizabeth, who was known to be attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, was on her way to her throne, this prelate had the audacity to go forth to meet her; she received the other Catholic prelates affectionately, but turned from Bonner with disgust. How could a woman meet, with sympathy, a wretch so coarse and cruel, who had not been content to commit the execution of his vile enactments to his myrmidons, but had taken the scourge and the rack into his own hands, in order that he might have the luxury of being himself tormentor? Refusing to take the oaths to Elizabeth he was deprived of his see; and was afterwards imprisoned in the King's Bench and the Marshalsea; his life was vile and

debased ; he indulged in impious excesses, and dying in a state of excommunication, he would have been refused Christian burial, but that Bishop Grindal permitted him to be buried in a corner of St. George's Church-yard, in Southwark, at night, however ; for it was understood that many of the Papists of London intended to attend the funeral, and it was surmised that the Protestants of London would not patiently see honours offered to the remains of one who had burned, or tortured, to death, many of their friends. Some expressions of popular feeling, indeed, were vented upon the occasion ; the body was buried among thieves and murderers ; was carried to the grave with the scorn of the beholders ; his grave was stamped and trampled on after he was placed in it, and obscurity now gathers over the place where he rests. We know the resting places of his victims—Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer—but no one either knows or cares for the grave of the man who has ever since borne the epithet of the “ Bloody Bonner.”

We draw now these records to a close. Lingard, the Romish historian says, “ The oulest blot upon the character of Mary is her long and cruel persecution of the Reformers.”

There is really no evading the determined cruelty of her disposition ; a long, and in some particulars a true, apology has been presented for her recently by Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," but the most material charges remain unshaken. Still let us not sit in judgment upon her ourselves in the spirit of bigotry ; where we *can* extenuate let us do so. She stands before us in a most unamiable light ; she signed a document by which she proclaimed her mother a harlot and herself a bastard. This always marks her character with the blackest reproach. The kindling of the fires of Persecution was most consistent with all the records we have of her most unamiable character as a woman ; her appearance must have been repelling ; her eye is described as "dark, piercing, and awful," her voice as shrill, and unpleasant, although she somewhat excelled in singing ; most of her portraits represent her as positively ugly ; this, probably, she was not ; but her square forehead, and the strongly marked lines of her face give such a character to her features that she could not be looked upon with love. Her conduct to her half sister Elizabeth excites our indignation ; and there seems little doubt that, had she

dared, she would have proceeded to the extremity of cruelty and bigotry, in her case as in that of the Lady Jane Grey. The full particulars of this long course of cruelty may be obtained in another work,\* but they may be glanced at here.

She was taken from a sick-bed at Ashridge, and conveyed to the Tower, in a bed formed like a palanquin, and borne by men. It was twenty-nine miles from Ashridge to London, and it took four days to reach the city, they walked so slowly. She was dismissed, but arrested again shortly; and after being confined in Hampton Palace, was conveyed to the Tower. Gardiner had procured a warrant, signed by some Privy Councillors, for the execution of Elizabeth; but when the lieutenant of the Tower applied to the Queen to learn her pleasure, she denied all knowledge of it. As Mary, however, continued to place confidence in Gardiner, it would seem that she would not have been displeased with the execution, if she could have denied all participation in it, and might, perhaps, have sacrificed those by whom it had been signed. There was a small garden within the Tower, not far from the prison, and

\* See "The Golden Days of Queen Bess."



Elizabeth was permitted to walk there. The gates and doors, however, were kept perfectly closed, and all the prisoners, whose rooms looked into it from the surrounding buildings, were closely watched by their respective keepers, while Elizabeth was in the garden, to prevent their having any communication with her by looks or signs. Many persons were confined at this time who had been concerned in Wyatt's rebellion; and the authorities seem to have been very specially watchful to prevent the possibility of Elizabeth's having any communication with any of them. There was, however, a little child who came to visit Elizabeth in her room, and to bring her flowers. He was the son of one of the subordinate officers of the Tower. It was at last, however, suspected that he was acting as a messenger between Elizabeth and her cousin Edward Courtenay, the Earl of Devonshire, attainted for treason; they were both suffering imprisonment in neighbouring cells. When the child was suspected of bearing communications between these friends and companions in suffering, the little fellow was arrested and closely examined. His answers were, however, open and child like, and gave no confirmation to the

idea which had been entertained. The child, however, was forbidden to go to Elizabeth's apartments any more. He was very much grieved at this, and watched for the next time that Elizabeth was to walk in the garden, and putting his mouth to a hole in the gate, he called out, "Lady, I can bring you no more flowers!" During the greater part of the reign of Mary, the sisters looked upon each other with mutual distrust; Mary was compelled to regard with suspicion a relation whom she treated with such cruelty, and Elizabeth frequently trembled for her life. A joyous and exultant feeling must have passed through her bosom when the jewel-bearer and the herald came to usher her from a prison to a throne.

Yet, finally, our readers must not fail to estimate Mary by the Age, and not by our more enlightened times; certainly she had few opportunities afforded her for the infusion into her mind of refining or loving principles. The calm and philosophical Hallam says, "Those who would diminish this aversion to Mary, and prevent these convulsive symptoms, will do better by avoiding, for the future, either such panegyrics on Mary, and on her advisers, or such insidious extenuation of her persecutions as

we have lately read, and which do not raise a favourable impression of their sincerity in the principles of toleration. to which they profess to have been converted." With this we most heartily sympathise, yet we may remember, that the life of Mary was for the most part a disappointed life ; she was a perpetual sufferer, her affections had been most remorselessly trifled with, and trampled on. She had been accustomed to look upon Protestantism as her personal foe ; all these circumstances may be permitted to modify our condemnation of her character but still it will ' 'are out in most repulsive manner Unfilial, she was a party to the desecration of the ashes of an injured mother—Ungrateful, she gave Cranmer, who had spared her life, to the flames—Inhuman, she visited the very people who had first secured her succession to the throne, who rallied round her to succour her in distress, to whom she had promised the continuance of all their religious rights : she visited them within a week after her accession to the throne, and subsequently more cruelly still, with all the horrors of bitterest persecution; Unqueenly, she crouched slavishly before her husband, forgot her independent sovereignty, and made him the arbiter

of her royal position. Unwomanly, she stopped her ears to the cries of her people, when old men, and babes, and young girls, and matrons, were bound by iron hooks to the stake, and committed to the mercies and the fangs of the flames. Those who would find redeeming points in a character like this, must have sharp eyes, or a moral squint; those, who, amidst all these inhumanities, still find matter for admiration, must do so from the sympathy of their natures to hers. For our part, after travelling through the disgusting records of this short reign, we long to escape, and feel almost the same thrill of delight which the people of that day felt, when they danced in the exuberance of delight that they had escaped from the tyrannicide of the woman, ever since called the "Bloody Mary," and anticipate the rising brilliancy of the "GOLDEN DAYS OF QUEEN BESS."

*FINIS.*



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